

THE BARONY OF THE ROSE



GRACE STUART REID

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THE BARONY
OF THE ROSE







CROSS OF THE CONFESSION.



THE UNKNOWN SISTER.



MARIE JUSTINE DE WATTEVILLE.



ZINZENDORF WEARING THE DANEBROG ORDER.

The Barony of the Rose

A HISTORICAL MONOGRAPH

By

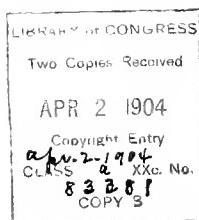
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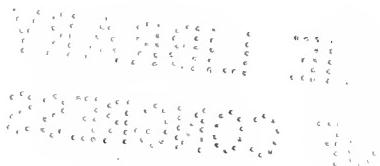
“AMERICANS IN EXILE”



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GRACE STUART REID



THE BARONY OF THE ROSE

IN the year seventeen hundred and thirty-one John, Thomas and Richard Penn received in trust for their half-sister a portion of the Seignory of Windsor in Pennsylvania. This was the gift of their father, William Penn, to his beloved daughter, Letitia Aubrey.

Green pastures were Letitia's, and many deep, cold springs. Her land dipped, rolled and rose in the most charming fashion known to vale and mountain, and crowned itself with spreading, giant evergreens. What could be demanded of Letitia Aubrey for her great share of the Lord's bounty? She had but to walk each June under the rippling leaves of her tall, pointed poplars and pluck one red rose. A rose from a rose was the rental, sweet and sufficient, for five thousand acres of Pennsylvania's most beautiful hill country.

But a greater name than Letitia Aubrey's was to be associated with the Barony of the Rose—the name of one whose seal was a winged heart soaring above the globe with the motto, *Astra petamus* (We may ask the stars). George Whitefield has been called a flaming seraph, the apocalyptic angel, the apostle to Philadelphia. Upon the hatchments which mourned his death in his native England were the words, *Mea vita—salus et gloria Christi* (My life—the saving health and glory of Christ).

A willing pilgrim, he called himself. From his boyish service at an English tavern, wearing the blue apron and snuffers of a common drawer, washing mops and cleaning rooms, he became a servitor to students of Pembroke College, was touched with religion and did penance. He mortified vanity with woollen gloves, a patched gown, dirty shoes and unpowdered hair. He lived in Lent on coarse bread and sage tea without sugar, except on Saturday and Sunday. He lay whole days on the ground in prayer. He rose from his penitence to become a preacher to tens of thousands. Shut out from churches, lie

preached in the open air. On a table, on the stairs of a windmill, with a mob threatening to make aprons of his gown, with the tail of his horse cut off, it mattered not. He was the radiant preacher of the gospel of salvation. Enormous gatherings attended upon his unsurpassed eloquence.

"On aurait pu marcher," says Ryle, *"sur les têtes de la foule"* (One could have walked on the heads of the crowd).

Coaches and horsemen gathered at his field pulpit, and once he was half murdered with a gold-headed cane. Again he raised the wonderful compass of his voice in an Easter charge at Moorfields to a strange, immense congregation of mountebanks, drummers, trumpeters and merry-andrews. He was a target for dirt, dead cats and rotten eggs. He was threatened with a whip. A recruiting sergeant marched through his audience with deafening instruments. The marvellous melody of his voice flowed on unquenched for three hours, and he retired triumphant, one thousand notes in his pocket from awakened sinners.

What to him was the indignity of bells and clappers, of marrow-bones and cleavers? Perpetual preaching, he said, was better than his physician's prescription of a perpetual blister for his quinsy. What though he streamed with blood from the stoning of the Papists in Dublin? His motto pointed to the stars. His life was the saving health and glory of Christ (*Mea vita—salus et gloria Christi*).

"Lord Jesus," he cried when death came, "I am weary *in* Thy work but not *of* Thy work."

He was an old man when he reached fifty, worn out with his passion of piety.

"No nestling, no nestling on this side Jordan," he cried.

His winged heart, the emblem of his seal, had flown over the globe and craved it all for his Master. He crossed to America. He set out to preach along a journey of one thousand six hundred miles to Georgia. A ride, he called it, and said: *Nil desperandum, Christo duce auspice Christo* (Nothing despairing, with Christ as a leader, Christ as a guide). He has left us his Forest Sermons and his approval of hunting in our wilds after poor sinners.

"I love to range in the American woods," he wrote, "and sometimes I think I shall never return to England any more."

The negroes asked him, "Have I a soul?" He was filled with emotion. Years after, he still found it "the season to exert our utmost for the good of the poor Ethiopians." But he answered their question

at once, holding out both hands with the bread of life. He had made a convert in England who prayed so as to be heard several stories high. What must have been the effect of his rapturous ministry upon the dark children of the South!

He sought to alleviate their condition by a plan to bring some of their number North, there instruct them, and return them to their brethren as teachers. He decided upon Pennsylvania as the place of their education. His Creator, he had written, had a mountain for a pulpit and the heavens for a sounding-board. He laid his hand upon the beautiful Barony of the Rose and called it Nazareth. Among its pulpit hills and blue skies he began the building which is as often called the Whitefield House as the Ephratah House or simply Ephratah, though Whitefield did not complete it. A brick band in the limestone of the ivied wall marks the limit of Whitefield's effort for the education of the Southern negro in Nazareth. In the well-kept museum of the Moravian Historical Society, which occupies its second floor, is a child's chair made by a negro.

There is historical mention of a negro hostler in 1755 at the old town inn, the beginning of the present Nazareth Inn—called *Der Gasthof zur Rose* (*The Inn of the Rose*), or *Die Rose* (*The Rose*)—which owned a coat-of-arms bearing Letitia Aubrey's full-blown red rose. The negro hostler's name was Joseph—perhaps after "Brother Joseph," otherwise known as August Gottlieb Spangenberg, *Episcopus Fratrum* (*Bishop of the Brethren*), for twenty years superintendent of the Moravian movement in Nazareth's county of Northampton. We have the account of a free negro marrying—on gradual payment of fifty dollars with six per cent. interest—the mulatto woman, Ann Cherry, belonging to Brother Joseph and Peter Böhler, the latter being one of the famous parents of Nazareth.

But one can walk the length and breadth of Nazareth to-day and be startled at the sight of a black man. One in a month is a record, and this within a few hours' journey of New York and Philadelphia, the former one of the most polyglot cities of the Union. The failure of Whitefield to introduce the race into Nazareth, the late Barony of the Rose, is a point of dispute: whether the workers left behind by him were frightened away by the Indians or whether pecuniary circumstances dismissed them.

"I long to owe men nothing but love," wrote this unswerving lover of mankind, who had nevertheless set up housekeeping with borrowed furniture.

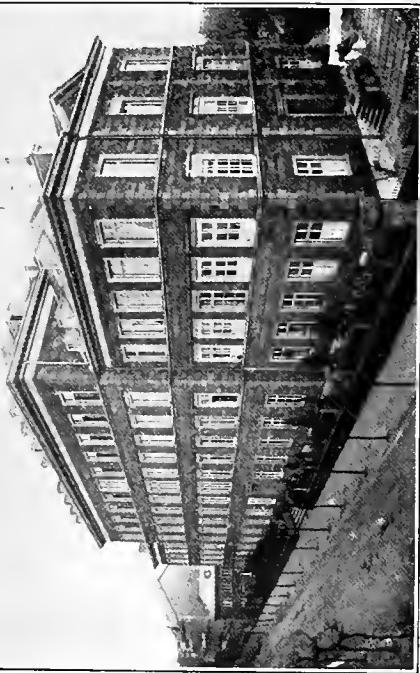
"I am to collect subscriptions for a negro school in Pennsylvania," wrote William Seward, Whitefield's travelling companion, on the ninth of April, 1740; but William Seward was called away to a heavenly mansion.

The glorious opportunity of Nazareth passed into the hands of another religious denomination, one which has furnished perhaps the most picturesque pages of Protestant church history, reaching its present simplicity through a strangely interesting exhibition of Protestant monastic orders. It has had its exultant martyrs. Its existence has been much pruned but triumphant. It has striven through all its course for personal sanctity, not through physical suffering, but through the most ingenious devices for peaceful and comfortable living. As a fading text in brilliant binding, the sunny little town of Nazareth still offers the church's old forms of worship and landmarks of its institutions.

The summer boarder but seldom lands at its primitive railroad station. Its streets are aisles of Fontainebleau trees crossed by English lanes. German gardens are between its houses and spread in the rear in secret but real beauty. The brightest flowers are flanked by blue-green regiments of cabbages and onions. Sometimes a surprising extent of thick, feathering corn fields and apple orchards cover its undulating ground, this being a land of corn and apples. A fashion of white hydrangeas pervades the place, giving a curious air of freshness and trimness to all the highways and byways.

The town's most perfect apple—in shape and greens and reds—the "Countess's Own"—blesses with great boughs the lawn of the Saints' Rest, the Moravian retreat for superannuated ministers, back of the Whitefield House. Its brightest flower in the rain is a tall, flame-colored phlox planted by one of the most elect of the Moravian sisters on the close-clipped emerald lawn of the Whitefield House. Here was once the broad, black oak under which Peter Böhler held the first divine service in Nazareth. The tree has disappeared, but a remnant of it sanctifies the Moravian Museum on the second floor of the Whitefield House which Peter Böhler began to build for Whitefield in 1740. He had interpreted in German Whitefield's sermon at a Pennsylvanian farm house, and been engaged for the Nazareth enterprise with two other Moravians he had brought from Georgia, he having led the first of the sect into Pennsylvania.

The Moravian Church counted its pedigree assured sixty years before the Reformation of Luther and more than a century before the



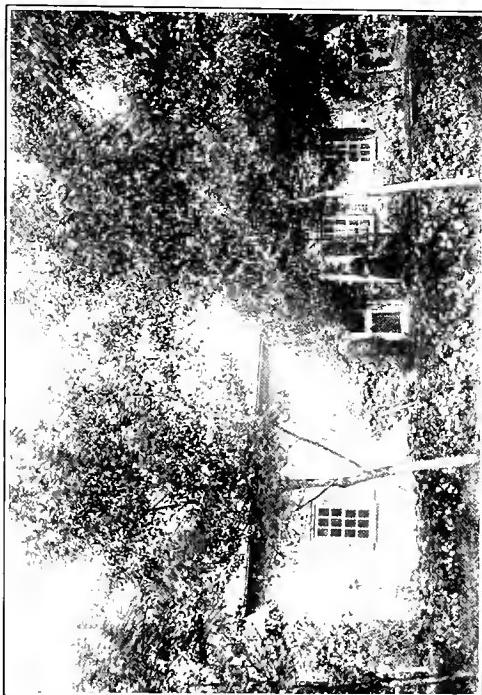
NEUWIED: BOYS' SCHOOL.



NEUWIED: BOYS' SCHOOL, FROM THE REAR.



NAZARETH: SINGLE SISTERS' HOUSE.



NAZARETH: MORAVIAN SAINTS' REST.

Anglican Church, laying claim to the early church founded by Paul in Illyricum and Titus in Dalmatia. Peter Böhler was a college man, a student of the University of Jena. The elegance and distinction of John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and successful enthusiast, was nothing to Peter Böhler. John Wesley introduced him to James Hutton, who is said to have been a scholar and a gentleman, a frequent and familiar visitor of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Böhler was also made acquainted with the accomplishments of John Wesley's brother Charles, who taught him English. To Böhler, Hutton's greatest grace lay in his eventually becoming an ordinary of the brethren, in other words a high officer of Böhler's own church. Of John and Charles Wesley, Böhler wrote to Count Zinzen-dorf, the patron saint of the modern Moravian church: "I travelled with the two brothers, John and Charles Wesley, from London to Oxford. The elder, John, is a good-natured man: he knew he did not properly believe on the Saviour and was willing to be taught. . . . Our mode of believing in the Saviour is so easy to the English that they cannot reconcile themselves to it; if it were a little more artful they would much sooner find their way into it."

Nevertheless, we all know Peter Böhler's influence upon John Wesley—the great monarch of evangelistic ministry—to whom White-field subscribed himself, "A child who is willing to wash your feet," though he gave Wesley many a heartache as the champion of Calvinistic Methodism.

"My brother, my brother," said Böhler to John Wesley, "that philosophy of yours must be purged away."

John Wesley, on his way to preach to the unconverted in Georgia, crossed on the ship which carried Böhler with other German Moravians and their bishop, to America. Wesley was blessed and disturbed thereby at the same time. Nor would he give Böhler credit for his full victory in acquiring the doctrine of justification by faith alone. As Tyerman records of him and the other Oxford Methodists, they said they were never clearly convinced that they were justified by faith alone, till they carefully consulted the homilies of the Church of England and compared them with the sacred writings, particularly St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

Wesley's religious zeal feared at one time that his brother Charles was in danger from the transitory blight of Moravian "stillness."

"The Philistines are upon thee, Samson, but the Lord is not departed from thee," he wrote.

Yet he went to the cradle of the Renewed Moravian Church in the Herrnhut of that Saxony which was the cradle of the Reformation, and wrote to his brother Samuel: "I am with a church whose conversation is in heaven."

Elsewhere he testifies: "The Moravians have no diversions but such as become saints."

A few months before Peter Böhler passed gently away in London, Wesley wrote to him his honest confession after the many breaks between him and the Moravians: "By the grace of God I shall go on, following peace with all men and *loving your Brethren beyond any body of men upon earth, except the Methodists.*"

Peter Böhler, Whitefield's workman and Wesley's enlightener, had the honor to be the first Moravian minister ordained by Count Zinzendorf, the apostolic father of the Moravian Church renewed in the eighteenth century, who claimed to hold in his episcopal hand the regular succession of ordination through the Ancient Church of Bohemia. It was his Countess who succeeded Letitia Aubrey as the second Lady of the Rose. In 1740 the Moravian Society received from Whitefield in London the transfer of Nazareth at cost price, reimbursing him for such improvements as he had made. The Barony of Nazareth became the nominal property of the Countess Zinzendorf, it being the only manor sold by Pennsylvania proprietors with the right and privilege of Court Baron attached.

The payment of Letitia Aubrey's red June rose devolved upon the Countess, that Holy Mother of the Moravians, Erdmuth Dorothea von Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, born the Countess Reuss. She sleeps under the shade of the lindens in the God's Acre on the Hütberg in Herrnhut, Saxony. We read upon her tombstone that her body lies there but for an "appointed while." As has been beautifully translated by one of the clergy of the church "she was a princess of God . . . and the foster-mother of the Brethren's Church in the XVIII seculo. The blood of Jesus Christ reconciled her; His spirit quickened her and the (korn) vital spark of His (dead) body transfigured her."

The inscription, composed by her husband, Count Zinzendorf, further gives one to understand, in a sentence of untranslatable idiom, that as this radiant Mother in Israel had absorbed Christ's life she had absorbed His death. In herself therefore was His, that is to say, her own, resurrection. She was probably a member of the order of the

"Confession of the Sufferings of Jesus," of which we shall learn more in our survey of Nazareth.

Her warm heart received an unalterable impulse when she accompanied her young bridegroom on his first visit to the religious exiles sheltered on his estate. She saw him, in strong emotion, fall upon his knees among the grateful little band Christian David—that historic carpenter of blessed memory—had led from Schleu in Moravia to Berthelsdorf in Lusatia, of which the pious young Count was master. Near the Hutberg (the Watch-Hill), Christian David had cleft the first tree for that unique settlement of a unique brotherhood which, as a quiet mountain spring, was to permeate many lands.

"Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts," was Christian David's cry of dedication.

"May all the inhabitants stand upon the Watch of the Lord (Herrnhut)," said the Count's steward.

The Countess, day by day, year by year, witnessed her husband's sacrifice of the opportunities and aggrandizements of his rank for the handful of holiness which took on the names of the Pilgrim Company, the Congregation of the Brethren, the Fratres Legis Christi (Brethren after the Law of Christ), the Congregation of Jesus, the Unitas Fratrum (The Unity of the Brethren), the Johannische Gemeinde (Community of Saint John)—that immortal renewing of the ancient Moravian Church which has come down to us by way of its Ecclesiola in Ecclesiæ (little churches within the church), its Diaspora or Inner Mission, to be a singular and picturesque organization for conversion without proselytism.

The community of Herrnhut was as blessed in the devotion of the Countess Zinzendorf as was Whitefield's work in that of the peeress to whom he was chaplain, "that elect lady, that mother in Israel, that mirror of true and undefiled religion," the Right Honorable Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntington and sister of the Earl of Ferrars. These two Madonnas might have shared congenial inspirations. Whitefield describes the atmosphere of Lady Huntington's abode: "Sacrament every morning, heavenly conversation all day and preaching at night. This is to live at court indeed."

The Countess Zinzendorf's particular room was open court for everybody from five in the morning till eleven at night. In her special corner, marked with table and curtain, she presided, a motherly if not elegant figure, with all the bearing of her worldly rank. An affable queen of society, a brilliant story-teller, she must also here have

written, or in part conceived, the forty hymns which bear her signature. Here, too, she must have sent her messages to her beloved daughter, Benigna, who represented her in the neighborhood of Nazareth, the Barony of the Rose, a bud telling of the far-away flower.

"Mother," "Notre chere Maman," the Countess was familiarly called by her spiritual children. Even "Mamma" was for her a usual form of affectionate and not disrespectful address, as at the headquarters of the English Moravians at Lindsey House, Chelsea, the disciple-house where the Count reigned supreme over all bishops and elders, he was ruler under the name of "Papa." This is the pride that joys in humility, for the feudal claims of Count Zinzendorf are indisputable, an unexpressed consciousness among all the brethren in Christ and insensibly cropping out in his own statements concerning the church of his affections.

He writes of himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1749: "We, Lewis, by Divine Providence, bishop, liturgus, and ordinary of the brethren, and, under the auspices of the same, advocate during life, with full power over the hierarchy of the Slavonic Unity; Custos Rotulorum and Prolocutor both of the General Synod and of the Tropus of instruction."

Bishop Spangenberg introduces him clearly as "Nicolas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, lord of the baronies of Freydeck, Schöneck, Thurnstein, and the vale of Wachovia, lord of the manor of Upper, Middle, and Lower Bertholdsdorf, Hereditary Warden of the Chace to his imperial Roman majesty in the Duchy of Austria, below the Ens, and at one time Aulic and Justicial Counsellor to the Elector of Saxony."

This is earthly glitter beside the simplicity of his friend, John Wesley, or of that Nazarene Father, Peter Böhler. In his autobiography, the Count reduces his titles to "Lord Freydeck, Domine de Thurstain." He was *Advocatus Fratrum* (Advocate of the Brethren), or Lord Advocate of the *Unitas Fratrum*. He was *Ordinarius*, the *most worthy Ordinarius* we read on his tombstone in the beautifully shaded cemetery on the Hutberg, "Bishop and Brother," "A Prince of God," "The Eye of the Widow." He gently objected and signed himself "The well-known little fool and poor sinner, Ludwig." In London he was simply "The Disciple."

On the day he disembarked in the harbor of New York, Bovet tells us he announced himself as "Louis von Thurnstein," and was generally called "Brother Louis" or "Friend Louis." Thus he dawned

upon Pennsylvania, seriously considering the entire renunciation of his secular dignities. Thus he passed through the Barony of Nazareth, August 2, 1742, on his way to Patemi's or Tatamy's village to visit that historic representative of the five nations of Iroquois open to his labors in Pennsylvania. "The dear Indians," he calls them. Their claim to Nazareth had been disproved, but they had received payment as a gift.

Patemi's village is now Stockertown. One sees it on the way to Nazareth from Easton on that obliging railroad whose little train shuttles back and forth on by-tracks to any station where a passenger requires to embark or disembark. One's patience would be exhausted if one's æsthetic sense was not kept lively by a station in a grape-arbor or an invasion of factory girls who smile and present arms to all the children present, playing themselves as big children among the seats, hiding each other's lunch baskets, laughing not ungracefully, and inviting wayfarers at the stopping-places to evening picnics. All the freedom of Nora Creina is in their movements and all the Dutch of Pennsylvania in their dark eyes and pale, broad faces. Very opposite, very elegant, very distinguished in appearance was the Count who walked where they and we now may follow.

Eyes turned to see Count Zinzendorf twice, and feet stood aside for him. The rank he banished from his name was indelibly stamped upon his person and carriage. Above middle size, carrying his head well in air, he was wont to run into unseen dangers, particularly the professional mendicant. He was in the prime of life when the Barony of Nazareth was favored by his presence, he having been born in Dresden at the beginning of the eighteenth century. His figure expressed the comfortableness of his disposition. His eyes were a clear blue, keen, yet smiling. With the customary, shining directness of their glance, they must have dwelt on Whitefield's unfinished schoolhouse.

The Count's voice was melodious as Whitefield's own, perhaps more expressive from the greater number of his accomplishments, perhaps of a deeper richness from the greater firmness of his physique. Never was given to social conqueror more captivating grace in the art of reading aloud. Who can question the secular power which accompanied the scripture watchword he gave out each night to his church family at Herrnhut? "*Nulla dies sine linea*" (No day without a line) is a part of one of his most familiar portraits. What were the watchwords for the Barony? Did the peace of its aspect move him to raise that noble voice in song? Did its blue hills echo any of the pas-

sionate if often incoherent beauty of his hymns? Did he really stop at Ludwig's Ruh (Louis' Rest)? We may not be given a direct answer, but we have the flower of his influence still blooming in the Barony of the Rose, the last distinctive rose of Moravianism in America.

He has been called by one commentator "poet, theologian, pastor, missionary and statesman." He was also a private tutor, a traveller in disguise, and a prisoner. He was an exile for conscience' sake, twice banished, forbidden for a time a residence in his beloved Saxony and finding shelter in Wetteravia, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Berlin, Geneva and London. His tranquil ending, however, was in Herrnhut whence he entered into the joy of his Lord in 1760, and where he yet speaks from the Hutberg (Hill of the Watch).

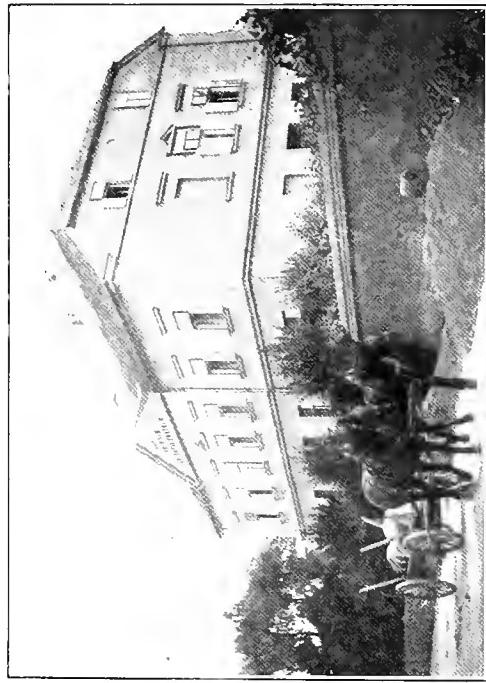
"He was ordained to bear fruit," the above-mentioned admirable translator tells us from the Hutberg epitaph, "and that the fruit should remain," this "never-to-be-forgotten man of God . . . who through the grace of God and his faithful, never-tiring service was the most worthy Ordinarius of the Renewed Brethren's Unity in the XVIII seculo." He lies under the Hutberg lindens in the sacred row of Herrnhut's most sacred dead. As in the newer cemetery in Nazareth, the trees are not scattered but marshaled in file about the open, sun-splashed squares of the dead.

The Count reposes close under the linden guard. Near him rests, "in the hope of a future blessedness which God will give," that cousin whom he wished to marry but who refused him, "in the Renewed Brethren's Church a highly esteemed Elderess and faithful handmaiden of the Lord." Here also, in the sacred row, not far from the Countess Erdmuth Dorothea, are the mortal remains of Anna Nitschmann—a name familiar in Nazareth history in the Museum and elsewhere—"a true handmaiden of Jesus Christ. . . . Her service in the House of the Lord remains a blessing." She soothed the sorrow of the Count and suited his estate to his promiscuous duties by becoming his second consort four years after the death of the Countess.

The Count indeed has never been accused of deficiency of heart. The early errors of the Renewed Moravian Church are usually charged to his overplus of affection, to the mingling of ardent imagination with his pious fervor. With apparent consciousness of this he apologized himself for certain early abuses in the church, such as are only too likely to appear in any religious organization before its first enthusiasm has found its point of anchorage. He acknowledged that in his desire that all should become children at heart, he had too much



NAZARETH: PRESENT HOUSE OF WORSHIP WITH BELFRY WHERE
THE TROMBONES ARE BLOWN.



HERRNIUT: THE UNITY'S ARCHIVES, WITH THE ARCHIVIST'S
DWELLING.



TWO NAZARENE MORAVIANS,



GRAVES OF THE SAINTS ON THE HUTBERG.

encouraged in the Brethren childhood's outward gladness. To this manifestation of childlike affection he ascribed those curious extremes of adoration, those startling symbols, those practices which brought human and divine too close and which are now all happily abolished—a dead leaf of history interesting only as the early endeavor for the present contrasting simplicity of the Moravian Church. But to the end the Count saw the Heavenly Father, the Crucified Redeemer, the Divine Spirit, only through the medium of love. He is dead, this Apostle of Love, this example of the Johannische Gemeinde (Community of Saint John), but his words are yet fragrant. We quote a few of his characteristic expressions:

“The Son of God is my Saviour. I am sure of this as I am of my five fingers.”

“I have a passion and it is He—He only.

“Let me give Him Love for Love.”

“I am a captive of eternal love running by the side of His triumphal chariot.”

“When he awakes in the morning,” says Hutton on Zinzendorf, “he is all sweetness, calmness, tender, harmonious with those about him; and all day long he is busied in doing and contriving kindest offices for mankind. . . . Usefully employed eight in twenty-four hours and frequently more. . . . A man of no expense at all upon his person. . . . Fifty pounds a year enough for necessities.”

An unpretentious building in Herrnhut accommodated the domestic life of the Count for whom Nazareth erected the large manor-house, of marked conventional design, now the well-known school, Nazareth Hall, but still familiarly dubbed, “The Castle.” The Herrnhut residence became the depot of the Moravian Archives. Its situation on one side of a square points out the parent of Nazareth's old market-square. The latter—green with grass, shrubs and trees, pink-and-white with hydrangeas, and with a fence of vines—finishes the picturesque business way of the little Pennsylvania town, the long, bountifully-shaded main street which resembles Herrnhut's centre thoroughfare bearing on its bosom the great road from Zittau to Löbau. A large garden, foreshadowing Nazarene style, was carefully laid out in the rear of the Count's Herrnhut residence and lovingly opened to the use of the community.

“For,” observes the Count, “there is no earthly father, but we are all brethren.”

"There is no mother-church on the earth," he says again, "but all the churches are sisters."

"I do not believe in one great visible church," he further affirms, "but in a number of little chapels consecrated to the Holy Spirit."

Here we have a word-picture, a clear explanation of that peculiar institution of the Renewed Moravian Church, the Diaspora or Inner Mission. In statistics published in January, 1899, the Diaspora Societies (their name recalling the Dispersed Christians of the time of Saint Peter) included about 70,000 members. As the Renewed Church had grown from the hidden planting of the Bohemian and Moravian fathers, this Inner Mission—a Salvation Army without drums and cymbals—sowed its seed among nominal members of the State Churches of Europe. It converted and sanctified without proselyting from any communion, looking for the spread of the true Church of Christ in all denominations, repeating the prayer of the world's High Priest: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us."

Though the modern Moravian Church has naturally fallen, especially in the American branch, into usual lines of Church extension, the Count remained to the end the advocate of this unselfish form of expansion. Whatever the mistakes his warm temperament caused him to commit and heartily repent, and however shining the other lights of the Meravian communion, he still remains to us, in peculiar and picturesque type, the leading bishop of this organization of brotherly love.

"May God," he prays at the consecration of Herrnhut's hall for worship, "may God prevent this house standing longer than it continues to be a dwelling-place of love and peace to the praise of the Redeemer."

So he always combines a pitying love with his overpowering sense of the sufferings of God: "We only seek to sprinkle all the churches with the blood of Jesus. . . . The God-man, one only Christ; His martyrdom is the sight of sights to our souls. . . . For in His nail-prints we can see our pardon and election free."

One finds the necessary admonition to the Brethren, "We say to covetousness, pride, avarice, 'You nailed our Lord to the cross.'" We find also the *placebo*: "If any seek to disturb or persecute us while under His protection, let him be aware of what it is to persecute *Him* and to disturb *His* rest."

In his hymnology, he represents the wounded side of the blessed

Saviour as "sparkling with an everlasting blaze." In the same, the believer is a "little bee resting from the hurry and flurry of earth on the breast of Jesus."

"Ye Congregations of Jesus!" is his inspiring invocation at the beginning of a circular written to all the Brethren at home or dispersed, while he is detained by contrary winds on his voyage to Pennsylvania. He ends the letter with his ever-present thought: "Lord Jesus, by Thy death, whereon we trust by faith; Thy wounds and pierced side; Thy agony and sweat; preserve the Church Thy Bride till Thou comest again; Prince of Life, once slain!"

It was from boyhood his mind had been unceasingly occupied with the sufferings and death of his Redeemer. His heart had early swelled to the hymn:

"O head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
Midst other sore abuses
Mocked with a crown of thorn;
O head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bowed and wounded,
Saluted be by me!"

But strange German phlegmatism balanced his still more German emotions. He could receive upon his intellect and innermost soul a full manifestation of the Passion and the Crucifixion. He could meditate upon the Agony to Romanist extremes, but he rose from that study with a shining countenance. He went forth to battle for the Kingdom of the Cross, but not to prescribe penance. He cried, "*Salve, crux beata, salve!*" ("Save, thou blessed cross, oh save!"), but with the weapon of the sufferings he bound the branch of love.

So comes the Count, *Chevalier de Douleur et de Joie* (Chevalier of Grief and Gladness); so come other of the Brethren; so comes Moravianism to the New World, to Pennsylvania, to the young, beautiful and impressionable Barony of the Rose. So also, among the latter's pleasant borders, relics are numerous of that early weapon of the Moravian Church, the so-called "Blood and Wounds Theology." In the museum, at the Ephratah or Whitefield House, as also in the basement of the present church, are to be seen a full exhibition of the Divine Sufferings, the heavy colors of the paintings deepened by age

and suggesting the awe and mystery of the Passion. Nazareth was indebted for its picture study principally to Valentine Haidt of Dantzig, an artist educated in Dresden, Venice, and Rome. His work was used in the teaching of the first church as well as the school, Nazareth Hall.

We find in the Pennsylvania Magazine that Hannah Callender, the Quakeress, speaks in the diary of her travel in 1758 through Nazareth of a large hall in the school murally adorned with the life of the Saviour, six paintings representing Him at full length. In the house devoted to the widows of the community she sees the birth and death of the Saviour pictorially displayed. She says she finds the same object lesson permanently placed in the general meeting-room of the settlement. Her Quaker feelings are not wounded by this religious method. As with the Count, Grief and Gladness, Repentance and Good Living, are made to supplement each other. She finds the Moravian Barony a goodly farm. She admires the water-works, the milk-house, and the fine oxen. Some of the Sisters, the true Ladies-of-the-Rose, welcome her with a treat of peaches. She thinks it nice to find a Castalian fount walled in a sort of room which gave it a romantic air. She saw tame trout in a spring fed by hand and allowing themselves to be taken from the water by one of the Brethren. She drank a dish of tea in the Guardian's-Room opposite the Chambers of the Single Brethren who, she says, "pleased and diverted themselves by looking at us."

The Single Brethren's House in Nazareth, very Quakerish in its simplicity, is no longer dedicated to celibacy, though appropriately occupied by the Custodian of the Museum, the former parochial school-master, who taught in the second church of the settlement, the church of 1840. The latter's pretty colonial side-door looks out upon the broad green square of Nazareth Hall, which slopes in perfect verdure up to the terrace before the main building of the Hall, the Count's manor-house, known through the town as "The Castle." Here were inculcated those lessons in Moravian history which gave a feeling and appearance of individuality to the Nazarenes. That they were reverently and industriously taught, one has but to meet the teacher who guards the relics in the Museum as the holy things of the tabernacle and has all Moravian monuments through the States at his tongue's tip.

For Nazarene individuality of appearance, which means above all a peculiar pride of carriage, two miniatures in the Museum furnish a good example. For in this little jewel set among the hills an



NAZARETH: DOOR OF 1840 CHURCH.
Drawn by M. C. W. Reid.

unbiased stranger cannot but see among its shining lights a very pretty showing of baronial dignity united with the reserve and simplicity of religionists. Nazareth retains the original reasons of its selection for a separate community. We climb one hill and find apparently a retired minister who is not even particular about the "Reverend" before his name. Why should he be? He is really a bishop in deportment, cultivation and attention received. He stocks his house, almost imperceptibly, with books and pictures. He adds frugally but in a determined way to his acres. His wife tends his grape-vines and makes babies of the fruit in swaddling bags. She spreads out her flowers till Elizabeth in her German Garden has nothing to compare. Above all, she cultivates her blossoms for the memory of her dead. She rises early and makes her offering each day at the "breast-stones" on the small green plateaus which, in imitation of Herrnhut, are Nazareth's graves. She walks down the hill to the town by her companion's side, as united and proudly erect as Carel Van Moor's "Burgomaster of Leyden and His Wife." They have a gracious word for everybody, but they give not the slightest quarter to Sabbath-breaking or anything but hill-top living, and this kind of Moravian refinement may be merely the armor of spirituality, calmness of demeanor being often the pride which hides the bitterest trials in the world.

Of a summer evening one may see a Baron (in bearing) walk across the town square. His eye pierces the blue sky more proudly than any of the town's three steeples—white pencil-point, black pencil-point, and white-and-green jaw-tooth tower. The hydrangeas rustle as if they were Court ladies, for a little Baroness is on hand, holding out her dress as if she were going to curtsey—but to nothing lower than the stars, which seem to be always out in Nazareth. They look down on a people apparently above their opportunities, who, perhaps with a more valuable Moravian legacy, have inherited that "stillness" which Wesley deprecated.

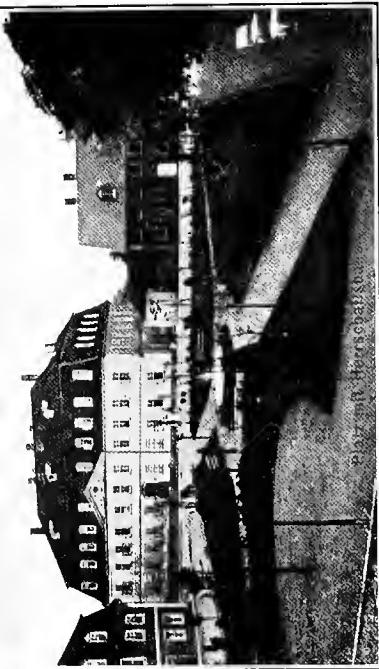
Undoubtedly in this religious nest among the hills is an artist with that inborn gift for color which no world culture can give. Here is therefore in a long series of sketches of excellent composition and fine tone as graceful an impression of Pennsylvania scenery as history could desire. Here is also a true Saxony inheritance in love of porcelain color—a group of china paintings of trees and houses so delicate and unmechanical in conception and execution, with such an unusual presentation of atmosphere and soft effects that one is astonished.

Here is also Meissen ware—divided, miniature compositions—imitated with extreme conscientiousness and confirmed in a kiln on the spot.

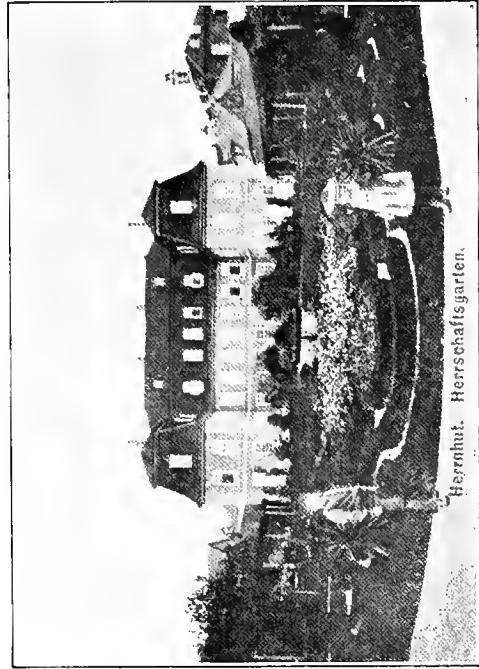
This refined work is from the busy hands of those whose spiritual and sometimes related ancestors were burned at the stake, tortured till blood spurted from nose and mouth, imprisoned in stables, cellars and dungeons, made to stand in freezing water, chased into dense forests, and yet told to rejoice that, though apparently so exposed and tormented, they were really “hid in the clefts of everlasting love.” It is a far story from the gentle art of modern Nazareth to those painted devils which the Bishop of Constance ordered to be put around the head of John Huss from whose martyred holiness rose the Brethren’s Church. It seems a far story also, in comparison with this new Moravian painting, to the time when Hutton tells us concerning the Count: “Many bulls of Bashan round about as brute beasts without understanding roared madly against him; and by daubings and grotesque paintings described him as a Mohammed, a Cæsar, an impostor, a Don Quixote, a devil, the beast, the man of sin, and so forth.”

“*Salve, crux beata, salve!*” (“Save, thou blessed cross, oh, save!”) sang the Count in the midst of his persecution. So his favorite symbol of the cross lingers in our little American Barony down to the picture, “The Making of Pulaski’s Banner,” which is found in the Museum. A representation of Calvary is in the background of the picture—a bald hill and a rough cross with the crucified figure indistinctly supported by its rude arms. In the foreground a group of Moravian Sisters in the distinctive dress of the community embroider the banner presented to Pulaski at the time he recruited for his famous legion from Northampton County—the banner which, dedicated with tears and prayers, became his shroud.

Longfellow has written of these makers of the banner as nuns, which they were only in consecration to church duties and prescribed attire. Whether Pulaski escaped heart-whole from his intercourse with them we do not know. The refinements of religion and the daintiness of the Moravian uniform made them peculiarly engaging. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that in this neighborhood a romantic attachment existed between Lafayette and a pretty Moravian Sister who died a spinster in 1831. In Herrnhut such pious grace, when unattached to defending man, was protected in community-houses with common refectory, dormitory and prayer-hall. These



HERRNHEIT: "CITY HALL" ON THE SITE WHERE ZINZENDORF'S
HOUSE STOOD.



Herrnhut. Herrschaftsgarten.
HERRNHEIT "CITY HALL": VIEW FROM THE GARDEN.



NEUWIED: DINING-ROOM OF BOYS' SCHOOL.



AMERICAN MORAVIAN SISTERS.

were called Choir-Houses, music being only second to prayer among the beloved customs of the Brethren, now as then.

"Sunday, after evening service," we are told, "all the unmarried women walked round the town singing praise, with instruments of music; and then, on a small hill, at a little distance from it, knelt in a circle and joined in prayer; after which they joyously repaired to their respective homes."

The Single Sisters' House in Nazareth now belongs to the school, Nazareth Hall. The building is a side-guard of the Count's Castle. More interesting and antique in its rear than its front aspect, the latter has, nevertheless, the advantage of being seen across the Castle's great lawn and is guarded by a rare and beautiful imported box tree. — Zinzendorf's last composition was a lyric poem for the festival of the Single Sisters. There were Choir-Houses also for the Widows as well as for the Widowers and the Single Brethren. At the Widow-House in Nazareth, Vespers of coffee with the famous Moravian sugar-eake began at two o'clock. Theodora, the Count's first love, was General Elderess of the Choirs of Widows. At one time, upon receiving prescribed letters from all the widows in Herrnhut, he found a few not sufficiently humbled under a sense of sinfulness.

But very congenial to the Count's religious wishes must have been such letters as he received from the North American Sisters. We quote a few of the sentiments to which he must have responded with emotion, a vivid sense of the Incarnation being always present with him. They refer to the love of Christ as a distinguishing, not a general gift: a gift to be personally reciprocated by each of these Moravian Sisters:

"May He often sprinkle me with His blood and keep me like Mary Magdalene, at His feet."

"We have vowed to feed every day upon His sufferings."

"We feel His lovely nearness."

"Gladly would I become meet for Him that He might soon take me to Himself."

"I often weep . . . and feel a longing desire after Him."

In the Picture-Collection of the Archives at Herrnhut these "Handmaids of the Congregation," as they are sometimes designated on their tombstones, are fitly represented in reserved but benevolent expression by the "Unbekannte Schwester" (Unknown Sister). Her cap of a hundred years ago is the same in style as that still worn in Herrnhut. Beneath her ekin is tied the bow of ribbon ordained in the

beginning for the Sisters, blue for the married, pink for the single, and white for the widow. The changing of the color of the knot, the promoting from one Choir to another, is still a time of interesting religious ceremony in Herrnhut. A Herrnhut cap of exquisite stitches is a treasure in Nazareth where the local caps in the Museum are accurate down to a baby Moravian's nightcap. They differ from the Unknown Sister's in their crimped border coming over the point for the forehead and in the scallop shells to cover the ears. A worldly display of big tortoise-shell combs looks down on them from the walls, and the Nazareth Church makes ornamental sun-bonnets instead of caps, calls them "peekaboops," and sells them for twenty-five cents apiece to heretic or faithful.

As white as the linen rags which the women of the Barony prepared for the soldiers of the Revolution, as white as the kerchief laced in upon the stiffly-bodiced figure of the Unknown Sister, were the robes of all the Sisters at Zinzendorf's funeral. They had been numbered with the Brethren among the hundred attendants in the death-chamber and adjoining apartments at the time of the Count's joyous dissolution.

They were included in the rapturous exclamation: "We are together like angels; and as if we were in heaven."

They heard the heavenly departure announced to the Community by the trumpeters. They looked for the last time upon the earthly face of their Father in Christ as he lay in his purple coffin clad in the white robe pertaining to the sacred functions of his office. At a signal from the trumpeters, they witnessed the bringing out of the body from its late domestic home. They joined in the solemn hymn of proclamation. They followed, with the Choirs of the Brethren and the Choirs of the Children, the mournful lament of the trumpets—more mournful than any wailing pibroch among the most desolate hills of Scotland—across quaintly picturesque Herrnhut, on the familiar footways of the departed one, up to the green silence of the Hutberg. Their Great Choirs spread in white angelic circles under the beautiful lindens and ministered with singing to the sorrows of the Community as the purple coffin was committed to the grave.

Just as purple are the violets on the borders of the Cemetery in Nazareth, and just as plaintive are the trombones which announce death. They lead the funeral processions to the Evergreen Cemetery or New Hutberg, on the hill. They mourn over the burying of the deserted body with a solemn, slow, accentuated music, re-

sembling a Gregorian Chant. The heavy tread of immutable death is in the sound, and one is filled with utter hopelessness. The dirge ceases, the mourners depart, and a stranger is deeply impressed with the peculiar expression of rest in the whole plan of the cemetery. No standing monuments, no recording of earth's ambitious titles, mars its quiet aspect. Here all are Brethren. As in Herrnhut's God's Acre, there are no trees or shrubs among the graves.

The sun shines magnificently on the great open spaces where the dead sleep in regiments. Married men are buried together as are married women, single brethren, single sisters, and children. Husbands and wives are thus separated, as are also parents and offspring. The older children who have romped and laughed and broken their parents' hearts by dying lie here with a little company of the still-born and the short-lived, those blighted hopes which are nevertheless counted blessed, the unchristened boys being each, with his scanty dates, designated as Beatus, the girls as Beata. Wonderful, tall trees—old but unwithering—stand sentinel about the squares in this garden of the Lord. The spongy sod, giving underfoot, is always green and richly odorous of loam and moss. It does not tell of the careful blasting that has been necessary always to make a new grave without disturbing the neighboring mounds. These look as if born in shape for their recumbent breast-stones, the latter scrubbed to immaculate whiteness in the early dawn, when there are living left to remember the dead.

Very early is the dawn when Easter is announced by the trombones from the open-windowed belfry of the church. The first melody of the day is slowly chanted by the far-reaching wind-music: "The Lord has arisen, He has indeed arisen." By sunrise, the pious living have assembled with their dead in the graveyard, forming in procession from the church at the passage in the Easter litany, "Glory unto Him who is the resurrection and the life." The tombstones have been cleaned, the sodding is new and many flowers speak of the love that knows no separation. The music of the dolorous slide-horn is supplemented by one of the most individual and interesting services in Christendom. Whitefield objected in 1753 that the Moravians in Herrnhut should walk round the graves of their deceased friends on Easter day, attended with hautboys, trumpets, French horns and violins. Very simple in its solemn cadence is the Easter music of the Brethren to-day. The service is the expression of immortality and the resurrec-

tion. The dead of the past year are commemorated as “gone home to the Lord.”

“Oh, to end life well!” was Whitefield’s earnest cry, and surely this gospelized people have furnished sufficient examples of the last victory to please his zealous wishes.

All the members of the church have been told to consider themselves descendants of the martyrs, and adjured to seek the “true and peculiar jewel of their Unity,” and the name that “no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.” So a modern martyr appears in Herrnhut who gives away a profitable business to an unsuccessful brother, subsists scantily himself, and—winter and summer—sleeps with the poorest of the Single Brethren on a hard floor, notwithstanding the rebellious weakness of his body. The pen drops from his hand as he writes his last testimony: “I sink down before Jesus and His Congregation.” Composed and serene, he leans back in his chair and awaits the approaching moment of his dissolution, ejaculating: “My Saviour, Thou well knowest that I love none but Thee! I love Thee with my whole heart, this Thou knowest!” He breathes out his few allotted hours and exclaims several times: “What glorious splendour!”

The Congregation are apprised of his passing. They are ardently singing together of the eternal reward of the servants and handmaids of the Lord, as one of the co-elders of the dying saint imparts to him with imposition of hands the blessing for his departure. He gently dies under the words: “Now, much beloved Brother, depart in peace.” The news of the death is received by the singing Brethren and Sisters with indescribable emotion, but they offer up thanks to the Head of His Church for the grace given to “His now perfected servant.” He is only in his thirtieth year when he is carried by the Helpers to the Hutberg.

There, awaiting the day of resurrection, rest the mortal remains of August Gottlieb Spangenberg, Bishop of the Brethren. We have already alluded to him as Superintendent for twenty years of the Moravian movement in Nazareth’s County of Northampton. To this place he further attached his name by taking a wife there in 1754.

We read in Ledderhose that he said of Nazareth in February, 1752: “*Nous recueillons le fruit du sang de Jésus*” (We harvest the fruit of the blood of Jesus).

We read further of his death in September, 1792: “*Ses collègues étant venus chanter auprès de son lit, ce bien-aimé père s’endormit*

. . . *sa face rayonnante*" (With his colleagues singing around his bed, this well-beloved father fell asleep . . . his face radiant).

We gather also for our study of Moravian death-beds that the mother of Susannah Kühnel, the picturesque girl-preacher, *went over with uncommon cheerfulness*.

A pathetic little record has been kept of the children whom the Count and Countess lost. The Count is said to have looked upon his little ones seriously, as fellow-laborers in the church. So we are not surprised to find him taking the front place in ministering to their departure. We read that Theodora Caritas lifted up her right hand and put it over her face as she was accustomed to do when she wanted to go to sleep. The Count placed his over that of his child and prayed as her happy spirit fled. This fledgling of the Herrnhut faith was two years and six weeks old. She could render some of the most difficult tunes in the Brethren's Collection without a mistake, and learned entire hymns. An eye-witness affirms that at eighteen months she turned in her cradle at the announcement of her brother Ernest John's approaching death and sang:

"Thou art going away from sorrow,
It will all be bright to-morrow."

Little Jane Salome, who died at five years, could control her naturally imperious temper instantly if told that the Saviour would be displeased. She exclaimed how joyful to be with Jesus, bade her parents good-by, saying she wanted to go to sleep, and died while they sang her favorite hymn. As Wesley's Moravians told him in the ship-storm on the way to Georgia: "Our women and children are not afraid to die." Indeed they sang louder as the storm grew.

It gives one a pleasant sense of nearness to this child consecration to find in the Nazareth Museum one of its records from New York, a broken tombstone from the site in old Dutch Street now occupied by the Downing Building. With the epitaph is the testimony from the family record of the Senior Bishop of the Moravian Church, in January, 1822, to the heavenly safety of the two lambs commemorated. The boy, we are told, though only four years old, was "baptized in the death of Christ and went home happy into the arms of his eternal Bridegroom." The little Single Sister, Elizabeth, followed her brother.

"It pleased the Lord," writes the Bishop, "to call her home in her

third year, also very happy calling on Him with her last breath: 'Come, dear Saviour, and fetch little Betsy!' So we can set our seal to the truth, by the experience of those two babes, of that portion of Scripture that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath ordained praise to himself."

So it is in the Nazareth cemetery:

"The bud on earth,
The flower in heaven."

We read there:

"This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence to early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom."

And again:

"His broken language charmed our ear,
His little falt'ring tongue;
But now! let this the mourners cheer,
How sweet his heavenly song!"

And yet again:

"Thy little suff'rings now are o'er,
Thy little head shall ache no more;
Thy little race on earth is run,
Farewell but for a time, my son."

Thus the little Brethren and the little Sisters are affectionately buried, each of the two groups in a sunny square marked by the two crossing, tree-bordered paths. These lie apart from their once proud and eager mothers who sleep in their separate plot: Frederica, Ereminda, Franciska, Ebesenia, Almaretta, Seraphina, Araminta, Rosina, Theresia, Lucia, Angelica, Salome, Philippina, Cecilia, Arabella, Lucinda Aurelia, Agnes Hortensia, Valeria Jane, An Elizab, and many more of varied naming. We find the married woman with her Single Sister name designated before her husband's and prefixed by the letters m. n. (maiden name).

These were the women whose lords and masters, the simple

breast-stones tell us, were of the Pilgrim Company who came to this last rest from the far birthplaces of Pilgerruhe in Surinam, Switzerland (Switzerland), Barbadoes, Poland, Yorkshire in England, Zauchenthal in Moravia, Alsace, Saint Margarethen, Charma in Bohemia, Palatine Niskey, Saxonia, Guinea, and from other devious ways. Here are the first settler names which still linger in the town, such as Stout (Staudt), Beitel, Popplewell and Kern. These are assorted with a Bruce, a Benjamin Franklin, Peter Penn, Adam Daniel, John Jacob, Benezett, and even a Musselman, the latter marked Beatus, his one lone, Christian-Mohammedan year off-set among his elder Brethren by a life of ninety-nine years.

The first burial in this quiet haven took place on February 14, 1756, an older cemetery having become a dangerous spot for funeral processions and Moravian services owing to the French-Indian war against the English. Upon the older site the Moravian Historical Society erected a memorial shaft on June the twelfth, 1867. It bears the names of all the first burials of the settlement, the records of the clergy being authentic and carefully preserved long after the graves in the surrounding grass have been all but obliterated. It commemorates "one of the first members from Herrnhut," as also victims of Indian murder and converted Indians, one of the latter offering in her name, Benigna Roseen, a suggestion of that Benigna of Herrnhut who sanctified these parts with her presence.

One is likely to hear this erection spoken of as "Sarah's Monument" by the commonplace—that is to say, the not wholly consecrated—Moravian. One is told that an Indian "widow" lies up there on the hill, that on certain stormy nights her spirit returns to Nazareth. Then, if she is asked, "Sarah, what would you give to come back to Nazareth?" she will ungratefully answer in scornful, hollow tones: "Nothing!" One mounts the hill to the monument, full of historical curiosity, and finds the "widow" to have departed at the age of four! We are aware that marriage has always been a *sacramentum magnum* with the Moravians, that divorce is practically unknown, that their husbands are kind and their wives contented; but a widow at four must have been a man-eating Indian indeed whom it was necessary to convert.

As Herrnhut was taught that there were no apparitions among true Brethren, we comfort ourselves that Sarah the Ungrateful exists only for worse than we. The view from her monument is one of blue mountains and cultivated valleys at their best. We have come up

through a perfect piece of wheat-land. We have crossed from one sunny, waving field to another by a number of high, well-built stiles. Their platforms and the field-borders are rich with shade and foliage. Trees and Sarah, the late Indian, remind us of Bishop Spangenberg, or Brother Joseph, whom the Indians called "*T'gerhitontic*" (A row of standing trees). "*Les Indiens*," observed Brother Joseph, according to Ledderhose, "*nous ont reçu comme les anges de Dieu*" (The Indians received us as angels of God).

"*Noeh! Attoh!*!" were the cries of assent with which they are said to have listened to the "*predicants ambulants*" (itinerant preachers). In the small morning hours of a Nazareth Monday, it is well for the timid to shut their windows to cries of assent and dissent. The air pants under a slaughter. The early Nazarene washerwomen send Pennsylvania Dutch, or, as they have written about it in Leipzig, *Pennsylvannische Deitsch*—that scandalous marriage of High German and debased English—flying across their fences. One wonders if the race of the Wolf Indian, the Minsi, or if the Nanticokes have returned. One is not surprised to hear that the soil still brings forth arrowheads. Was it not really sounds such as these that, on the date of the Lisbon earthquake, made sleepers rock in their beds at the Rose Inn in Nazareth, and the Inn doors open? The succeeding appearance on the Rose Farm of refugees telling of a terrifying Indian massacre should have proved this. It must be in the echo of such utterances as these that Sarah the Child-Widow arises and demonstrates. It must be these utterers who make for their own ears "the voice of a horseman on the upland, chiding his loitering steed in unknown tongue . . . the spirit of the bold Minsi from Peoqueahlin carrying off the stolen daughter of Taghtapasset, the Delaware king of Weleganika" (Fatlands or Best-of-Tillable Land), the latter being the Delaware name for the Nazareth tract in 1740.

We must not forget that it is well for us the Moravians did not dislike Indians and bore with them even when they became friendly and consequently more expensive acquaintances than when hostile aborigines. To the Moravians, Zeisberger and Heckewelder, our knowledge of their languages and manner of life is largely due. Zinzendorf came across a half-breed whom he is amazed to find inoculated with both French and English, yet one historian tells us the Moravians were rewarded for their linguistic and preaching devotion by the epithet, "Locusts from the bottomless pit." A broad band of paint in the medium of bear's fat adorned the above Indian scholar's coun-

tenance. Brass wire hoops, à la basket-handle, depended from his intelligent ears.

We do not think of Indians without dogs, but they apparently bred none for the Barony. The streets of Nazareth are curiously bare of those enlivening creatures, it may be because of the Moravian tenet against animal joy. One misses them much at a fire, where they should leap and bark to the dismal clangor of the church bell. There are no fire-horses either. The engine seems borne along by the clamor of voices, which surges up to the engine-house at the head of the town and carries the life-saver, with an ever-increasing, wild riot of cries and running feet, to the scene of danger. Everybody must go to an evening fire: white gowns and flying ribbons, aprons and slippers, slow old man and racing young one, and all the little boys—an astonishing, great regiment—like seeds popping out in the blaze.

A very pretty thing it is, the home-coming, safety's dismissal, peace after war. The footsteps are only summer rain now. A shout from the fire-laddies is a blow on the quiet air. One can hear their panting breath coming up under the trees as they strain at the ropes of the engine. Its bell rings gently as if the babies were asleep again. Only the volunteers trail out in a wonderfully long line with their empty water-buckets. They leave one with a feeling of mystery as they pass, now in the shadow of the trees, now in the light of the lamps, their faces and arms blackened, their weary figures stooped and stealthy. But the crowd goes softly to bed as if Sunday morning were at hand, trusting themselves to Divine Providence and making no alteration in their primitive provision against fire.

The Moravian is averse to seeking innovations, though rising well to opportunities when they come. Perhaps this is natural, fire and its clan not being the greatest of dangers to those who speak of death as "returning to one's native land," who wear no emblems of mourning, and whose children can speak of a group of women in mourning attire as the "black ladies." It is indeed a fact that an eccentric Moravian minister in this neighborhood painted the window-frames of his house black in memory of his departed child, but the fashion of mourning weeds would be almost as strange a sight in the town as would be its frequenting by Romanist priests, the enemies of John Huss and his followers being markedly absent from the place. So also is the Irishman, Pat in Nazareth being as noted a man as the Hebrew. The streets need the former's natural abandon, for they are very dry of singing and careless levity.

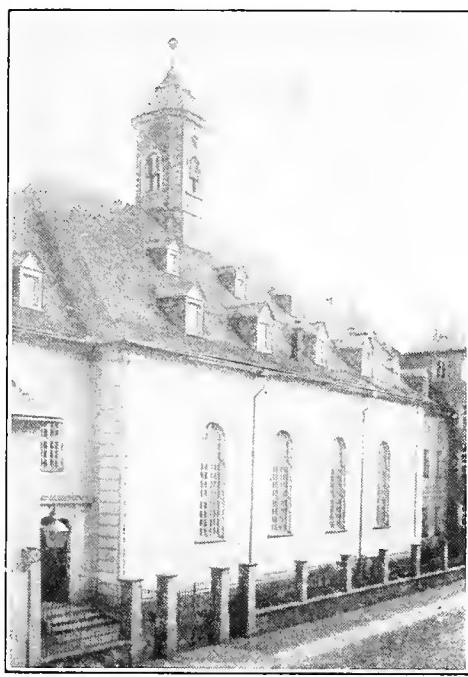
If it were not for the eruptions of Pennsylvania Dutch—with “ja” squealed up into “yigh” and s churned into sh—one might fancy Herrnhut’s sabbatic period had descended to this American offspring. At that epoch no worldly music was heard in the streets of Herrnhut, only the echo of the faithful admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, Tobias Frederic having raised the congregation music to “a heavenly harmony as to its vocal parts, and the nearest possible imitation of the angelic choirs.” Then, the Herrnhutites could honestly sing their hymn: “Our conversation is in heaven,” and be beautifully called “the family of Jesus,” deriving direction from the manner in which Jesus Himself had guided His family while here. The sacred fire of piety was never permitted to go out. For eleven years the Brethren and Sisters, in their respective places of retirement, divided the hours of the day and night by lot among them and kept up a perpetual intercession. They concluded their Sunday services with the kiss of peace (the Brethren and Sisters among themselves).

In this Renaissance of the Primitive Apostolic Church feet-washing was also a solemn ceremony. They cast lots for matters of importance in public and private. They slept from eleven at night till four in the morning. They had three hours for meals, and sixteen for work and sacred services. On the first Saturday of each month, after a day of confession and other preparation, including the washing of the disciples’ feet, they received the Holy Communion at ten at night in profound silence and continued without speaking till midnight. In this holy spot, called the Jerusalem of the United Brethren, “watchers on the walls,” the Brethren from sixteen to sixty years of age took turn in announcing each hour by singing a verse of a hymn fitted to suggest edifying and encouraging thoughts to any who might be sleepless. Every member of the community was made a subject of prayer by the Perpetual Intercessors. So marked was their individuality by the military regularity of employment among them that the Count could call each by name.

Any religious life of a forced nature was condemned. Also no business was considered mean or unworthy except such as cultivated indigence of spirit. So the Lords and Ladies of Herrnhut were those ennobled as Teachers, Helpers, Overseers, Monitors, Servitors, Sick-Waiters, Almoners, Managers of external concerns, such as houses, fields, gardens, streets, wells, trades, and so forth. Herrnhut was very explicit that no one but a physician of qualification should undertake the cure of any one of its family. The names and circumstances of pa-



MONUMENT SHOWING THE PLACE WHERE THE
FIRST TREE WAS FELLED AT HERRNHUT,
WHEN HERRNHUT WAS FOUNDED.

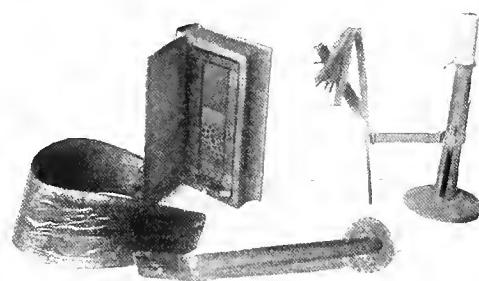


NEUWIED: CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN.



Herrnhut. Platz mit Gasihof.

HERRNHUT: NEW INN AND MARKET PLACE.



IN THE MUSEUM, NAZARETH: BOOK-LAMP, PETER BOILER'S CAN-
DLESTICK, COIN JAGGING-IRON, WAR-COLLAR.



tients were to be immediately mentioned to the Sick-Waiters of both sexes whose directions were to be as carefully observed as were the prescriptions of the physicians.

The cultivation of sick nursing among the Nazarene Moravians was not neglected. In war time a special order was granted that the Continental officers should refrain from disturbing this peace-loving people on account of their attention to the sick and wounded. Nevertheless, a number of Lighthorse at Nazareth fed upon the hay and grain of the Society whose members suffered in silence lest they should be thought to dislike the American cause. Though opposed to bearing arms, they paid the government taxes for the war without complaint. Therefore they deserved the honor of the visit, at the Rose Inn, from Washington's nephew, a successor to those colonial governors and Philadelphians who, Fisher tells us, long made the Manor-of-the-Red-Rose a famous sporting-ground, deer and grouse abounding on the barrens.

Some one, however, must have gone against his principles, for the Society preserves in its Museum a collar worn by a Moravian soldier in the War of 1812—a halter of leather of a height and thickness to have rendered Goliath's collar-bone invulnerable. The owner must have made at least a visual impression upon the Sisters of Nazareth. We wonder if he had a sweetheart in the Congregation of Caps which used to dwell demurely but observantly in Nazareth as a similar one does to-day at Herrnhut.

We wonder if she gave him the freedom of one of the curious old wooden thumb-latches which, in days gone by, used to let a lover in a Nazarene door, and of which we may still see a sample? Did she play for him upon this dear, delicate old spinet? Did he breathlessly watch her good hands busy with this strange carding machine? Did he stoop his burly length and whisper to her that a ring was needed on one of the pretty fingers flying among these quaint flax-winders? Did he smile deceitfully to himself as she worked to and fro—gracious arms and bending waist—at the big ribbon-loom? Did he think how foolish of her to make the color for a Single Sister's cap which he was going to change? Did she jag a pie for him with this iron extravagantly formed from a coin? And oh! did she make him waffles on this old Dutch stove? Could they possibly have crisped and melted in the mouth as do the waffles of the Barony to-day?

She may have been of the usual Nazarene pattern, dark-haired, dark-eyed, soft-fleshed, with cheeks colored only by modesty or maiden

love. Or she may have been the exception that proves the rule there, with a crown of crinkling red-gold hair above a face like a lady slipper, dainty pink-and-white, with a tiny tipped spur for a nose. She may have had plenty to do, but there is at least one class of Moravian girl in Nazareth to-day who is not behind her in industry. This one cheerfully sews on a thousand factory buttons for twenty-five cents and makes her dollar a day with all the muscles and attention of her young body. She goes home, in the train of sisters, brothers and often father, and spends the evening at the piano, accompanying the latter well-fattened, smiling parent on his violin.

At seed-time and harvest she is turned into the precious garden spreading far behind her little home, and makes one of a family group of foreign aspect. The women work with as sturdy limbs as the men, and gather at intervals for a *Kaffee-Schmaus* (Coffee-Feast), scarlet and blue dresses and soft-colored old felt hats picturesque among the laughing men and white, clinking crockery. That the language of this Nazarene Maud Muller is as engaging as her appearance cannot truthfully be said, especially if the matter in hand is foot-and-spade potato digging. Nazareth potatoes are good, and Nazareth Dutch is said to be not so bad as Pennsylvania Dutch in general. But woe to the unaccustomed ear that first finds them in unison!

In the unwritten annals of the place it is authoritatively asserted that a visiting Moravian Bishop was once very much melted at the serene aspect of the town. As he was driven among its innocent, green, tree-blessed purlicus, he commented on the beautiful family spirit of the community till the voice of controversy reached him from a bower by the roadside. He had come across two "Dutch" among the elect, one "yawning" the other for a candlestick brought over to be mended.

"I sent it back," said the mender.

"You lie!" screamed the candlestick-owner. "I see it on your table. Where are the potatoes you promised me? You are a liar anyway!"

A local wit immediately wrote an account of the visiting Bishop's disillusionments which it took one hour to recite. But our Maud Muller, having battered her opponent with her Dutch lightning, is likely to put herself into soft muslin and ribbons and stroll with the struck one down to the evening beauties of "Pretty Corner," otherwise Schöneck, named after one of Count Zinzendorf's European estates, or Gnadenstadt (Town of Grace). Up hill and down valley she may go, past meadow brooks which seem to run away with the quacking ducks sail-

ing on their bosom, so lively are the water courses here, so well revealing themselves, alas! for the advance of mills and factories. Willows brood over the brooks and the mountain ash droops its Spanish colors above those grey-green willows. Leafy, sun-fretted lanes meander on all sides from the great trees of the road—pointed poplars, odorous spruce, elm and maple. Blue lobelia, thick beside the footways, marks a wedding-line to Schöneck's stiff, little, old red church.

Nothing disturbs these “ways of pleasantness and paths of peace” but the owls which tell each other shuddering tales about the late Indians, or the lightning which fights and battles among the Blue Hills of the Barony with a flashing, unpausing splendor that burns one’s eyes and sets one’s teeth on edge. Whether in former days the greatest number of Nazarene lovers made up their minds at “Pretty Corner,” or at a “sing-meeting,” or over the town pump, or among the opportunities of the old market-house in the square, we do not know. It has been written for us, however, that the *Verlobung* (betrothal) in Nazareth lasted but a week.

If a man wanted to marry, says the chronicler, he told it to the *Brüder-Pleger* (Caretaker of the Brethren), who told it to the minister, who told it to the *Schwester-Pleger* (Caretaker of the Sisters). The community believing in a special providence and that all matches are made in heaven, the candidate for matrimony was brought before a box of ballots from which his trembling hand was allowed to draw the name of an unmarried female. If both parties were satisfied and agreed to come together, they were married in church within a week. If the man or woman refused to solemnize the objecting party was thrown off the church register for a term of years, at whose end the experiment might be tried again.

In Herrnhut there could be no promise of marriage except in presence of the Elders and with their consent. No young people were allowed to be affianced without being placed for a time with married persons, who instructed them how to “behave in the contemplated new relation.” These perfunctory duties did not seem to quench the Herrnhutites’ reverence for marriage as an inspiration and a sacrament. When Anna Nitschmann, Zinzendorf’s second wife, was in Nazareth, we are told, she visited a settlement of “seven-dayer nuns” and “enjoyed much love” among them till she disturbed them about their marital obligations. She was watched by a sister who was ordered by the prioress to allow no private intercourse with her. The nuns, however, mutinied somewhat over their yoke, and this dutiful

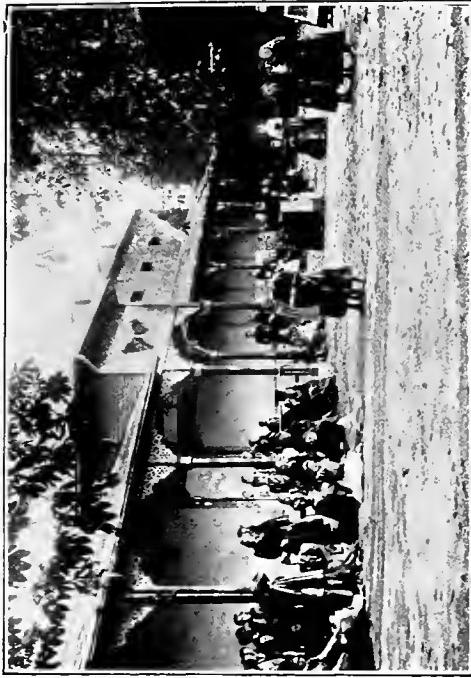
daughter of Moravian housewifely precepts returned to Nazareth—"this true handmaiden," as her Hutberg epitaph describes her, adding, "Her service in the house of the Lord remains a blessing."

The innkeeper's wife at the Rose Inn of Nazareth, who assisted her mother in making the first tent for the Superintendent, Bishop Spangenberg, or "Brother Joseph," was only in her teens when performing that historic duty. The Bishop evidently found the young congenial, for we are told it was at Nazareth Hall he sought much-needed repose when his faithful co-laborer, Peter Böhler, the "*vice ordinaire*" substituted for him in 1759.

On the May day when Nazareth was dedicated, the occasion was celebrated by a love feast on the lawn in front of the Whitefield House, at which Peter Böhler gave his personal recollections of coming to Nazareth in 1740 and of his labors for Whitefield. In the Museum, with its row of tall windows overlooking that green lawn, one of the heirlooms is a candlestick belonging to Böhler. Its little umbrella shade of green silk is tattered but still an object of interesting association to Wesleyans and other students of denominational history. It keeps company with a book-lantern, a unique memento suggestive of midnight learning or even burglarious enterprises. The mechanism of the lamp is skillfully bound between the book covers.

One is likely to be reminded, just at this spot, of that night in America when Whitefield, far from his earthly home but near his heavenly one, gave out by candle light his last summons to the Sun of righteousness. It has been eloquently described for us. Exhausted by his previous labors, he had refused to speak to the crowd which besought him in front of the house where he was staying. He hastened to bed, candle in hand. The multitude pressed into the hall. He "relented, paused on the stairway and gave his last exhortation. His voice, never, perhaps, surpassed in its music and pathos, flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away and went out in its socket. The next morning he was not, for God had taken him."

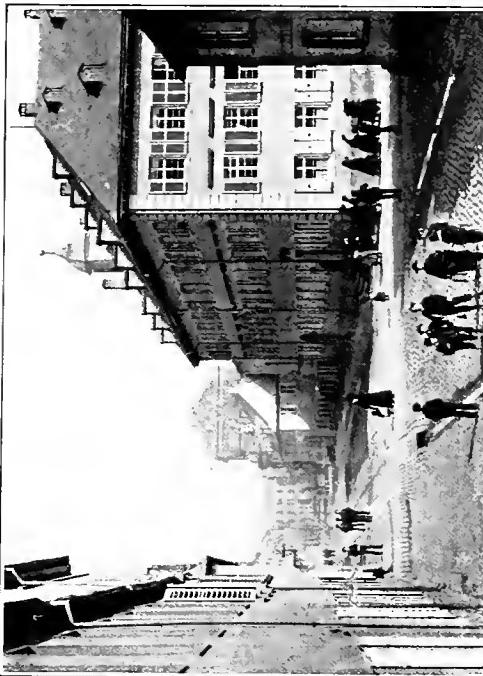
In its ancient days Nazareth Hall is said to have assembled its teachers and other citizens for music by the light of the taper, good chamber music and a string orchestra contributing to the beauty of the occasion. Haydn's "Farewell" was a favorite selection, closing the evening's entertainment after Prince Esterhazy's fashion. Each performer, as he closed his part, suddenly extinguished his light. The music grew fainter, sinking at last into a pensive andante. The last



NAZARETH: 1840 CHURCH WHERE MORAVIAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
WAS HELD.



NEUWIED: GENERAL VIEW OF NEUWIED.



NEUWIED: GIRLS' SCHOOL.



musician, a violinist, reached the finale amid an expectant hush, and, quenching his taper, removed light and sound with a fine dramatic effect. It is to be remembered in this connection that the Corpse-House of the town stood near the school, adding its memories and associations to the ghostly character of the affair.

The scholars of the Hall were doubtless safe in bed sleeping the righteous sleep of the busy boy. For as a North American Sister wrote to Zinzendorf, "Our seminaries also prosper, and they are as a beautiful garden of our dear Lord. My heart melts when I contemplate their growth in grace."

"The schools for young men and women at Bethlehem and Nazareth under direction of the people called Moravians," says Payne's Universal Geography in 1798, "are upon the best establishment of any schools in America."

In 1733, Zinzendorf had established schools for poor children in Marienborn (thirty-five miles from Frankfurt) in the castle ruins of Runeburg. The feeding and clothing was at his own expense. In 1738 in Herrnhut, the children and young people among the ninety Bands into which the population was divided had the liberal privileges of reading, writing, arithmetic, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, English, history, and geography. Zinzendorf himself found time to give lessons in writing, geography, and ecclesiastical history. The famous Economy of Girls at Herrnhut under the charge of Lady Joanna de Zechwitz (the wife of the saintly Baron Frederick de Watteville), the English school at Mile End, the Institution for the children of missionaries, and numerous other educational endeavors for children of all denominations, make an estimable record which the Moravian modern schools worthily continue.

The schools for boys and girls at Neuwied are well patronized by natives and foreigners. Zinzendorf visited the Count of Neuwied twice when the Moravian settlement there was still small and principally French. The Museum of Natural History in New York boasts a valuable collection of Mammalia donated by Maximilian Alexander Philipp, Prince of Neuwied. Neuwied is suggestively situated on the Rhine, into whose waters were thrown the ashes of the martyr, John Huss.

The Moravians of Neuwied reach out for intellectual progress, but shut up their hearts to any innovation of domestic customs. White godliness is the motto of the town. White in any tangible form is the passion of the place. Even the school dormitories present their deep

old German beds in daytime entirely draped in snowy coverlets—head, foot and lathe-ed sides—looking like so many white crypts for the forgotten dreams of the night. In summer the boys inaugurate their holidays with the Week's Walk. They walk from town to town, stopping to see any place of interest and greatly enjoying their seven days' tramp.

We do not find any record of a Week's Walk in Nazareth, but there is one of Week-Holders at the Hall, the boys who held that office being changed every Saturday night. These lucky office-bearers helped the Single Sisters to carry in the meals from the kitchen department of their house to the Hall Refectory. Wheedling and bribes are said to have occurred in the transition, and a favorite Mint-Cake was often obtained at its manufacturing depot. Everything was sweet as possible with sugar, and white as possible with cleanliness.

Whitefield would have been served here much to his taste, being a surprising stickler for the etiquette of the table notwithstanding his humble derivation. "Whether by himself," Stevens tells us, "or having but a second person at his table, it must be spread elegantly, though it presented but a loaf and a cheese."

Apples grow on every hand for the painter of sun-dappled orchards and the boy who lives to eat. They are chiefly grafted fruit, the first orchard being set out by an Englishman, Owen Rice. Whitefield's apple-boy would not have had to travel so far in this region to bring his benefactor an uncommon gift. That unusual country lad "carried a peck of apples seven miles on his back as a token of gratitude for the benefit he had derived from Whitefield's ministry, and had such a sense of the Divine Presence that he walked, for the most part, with his hat off his head."

Apple butter was once daily diet here, and Sieppe cider has its private patronage out of town and out of state. The wife of one Hall principal exemplified her Moravian interest in the children of her adoption by raising a famous brood of turkeys which gobbled in the day and trilled in the evening at the foot of the hill honored with the Pleasure-Garden. Zinzendorf, as aforesaid, had a public garden in the rear of his dwelling. The Moravians in London included gardens and a terrace in their conversion of the old family establishment of Sir Hans Sloane on the Thames at Chelsea into congregation house, chapel and burial-ground.

The Moravians in Nazareth laid their Pleasure-Garden out or rather up toward heaven in shallow terraces whose edges they bordered

with box and other plants and connected by wooden steps now green with moss. They imported much material for it, its arboretum spreading a name for it. The paths supported by the terraces meet gently beside running water, or at summer-houses, one of which was called "Sacred-to-Meditation."

The foliage has become immensely rich without becoming dense, the trees preserving there the delicacy of their transplanted trunks. The Garden is thus perpetually showered with a thick fall of gold sun-drops. The ground is herbaceous and mossy, but never dank. The effect is most remarkable and hard to reproduce in words or picture. Birds seem to be always cooing there and lonely human creatures courting. The wind revels in this sloping garden on the hillside, and one is astonished on easily reaching the highest of its green galleries to look far down upon Nazareth Hall, the old Castle built for the Count.

The gilt ball glittering on the latter's tower is said to contain a short historical account of the origin of the neighboring settlements. At the erection of this building English, Welsh, French, German, Bohemians, Danes, and a native of the New Guinea coast were employed. Governor Denny made a special visitation to inspect this prototype of the Common House or Great House at Herrnhut. One might lament that the fine blue limestone of its walls is hidden under a coat of plaster, if the precision of its proportions and the purity of its style were not accentuated by its present color. The stiffness of its convention is admirably relieved by its fan-lighted, paneled doors and the sweep of lawn which rises to the white road before the Castle steps. The terrace on which the building stands is too sudden to be well pictured. Its picturesque conventionality can only be judged from numerous points under the great trees around its lawn. Projected as a Castle for a Count, under its roof has been a pilgrims' rest, a hive of family affection (seven married couples domesticating here at one time), the holy Chapel of the Congregation, a school for Moravian children and, as to-day, a boarding-school for boys of all denominations—the Nazareth Pædagogium, sometimes (because untruthfully) yelected the Nazareth Prison.

On the open court of its lawn—which spreads down to the public road and is barracked on the sides by the late home of the Single Sisters, the church of 1840, the professors' houses and other buildings—there is a memorial obelisk. This monument rises from a block of granite six and a half feet square. Its pedestal is composed of slabs

of Connecticut sandstone supporting a solid block of New Brunswick drabstone, in whose southern face is the national coat-of-arms. The pedestal is surmounted by a square die of Italian white marble on which are the inscriptions. Above this white tribute of praise and reverence is a shaft composed of blocks of Cleveland drabstone alternating with slabs of Connecticut brownstone. The inscriptions are:

“1861—1865

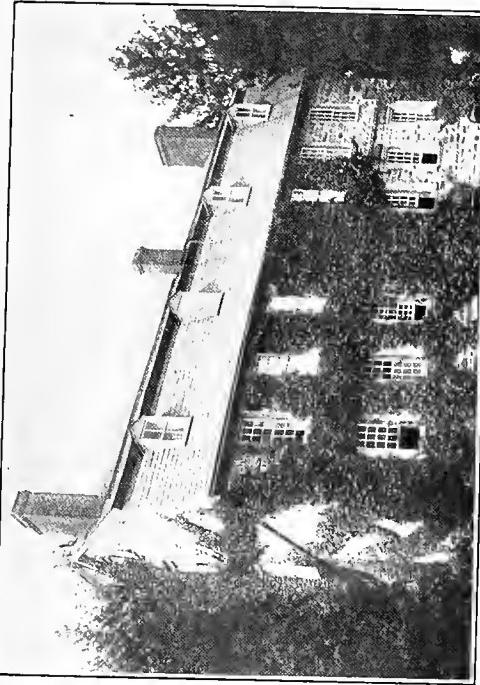
To commemorate the patriotism of the Sons of Nazareth Hall, who died that the country might be healed and live, this stone is erected by the Alumni of this institution in the year of grace 1868.

The Academy is the nursing-mother of patriotism, rearing her children in the ways of truth and freedom.

Hence it is that the fathers of these men, theinselves too, being nurtured in all freedom and well born, have shown before all men deeds many and glorious, in public and private, deeming it their duty to fight for freedom and their country, even against their countrymen.”

The earliest of these well-born heroes were wakened each day by the bell ringing from the Hall’s galleried roof. The unknown author of “A Summer Jaunt in 1773” is displeased to find knitting in the school curriculum. He labels it “not fit work for boys,” though he had been amiably disposed for all he should see, having been fortified on the way by “Mr. Friendly,” who gave him a “very good breakfast,” and accompanied by another “sensible, well-beheav’d man.” He had also tasted of Christian Spring named for Christian Renatus, Zinzendorf’s son. Here was the weaving-shop of the community.

Hannah Callender, the Quakeress, in 1758, eighth month, “crossed a field or two to the boys’ house. This was built as a habitation for Count Zinzendorf—a large spacious stone house (Nazareth Hall). Ascending by a flight of steps into a large hall used for worship the minister, our guide, played on the organ. Passed through the children’s eating-rooms (which contain) long, narrow tables with benches covered with coarse cloth and wooden trenchers. . . . Up stairs are the School-room. One room children between three and four years old picking cotton, so orderly and still. For any noise they made you might have been in an empty room. The next two (rooms contained children) between five and six years old knitting. In the

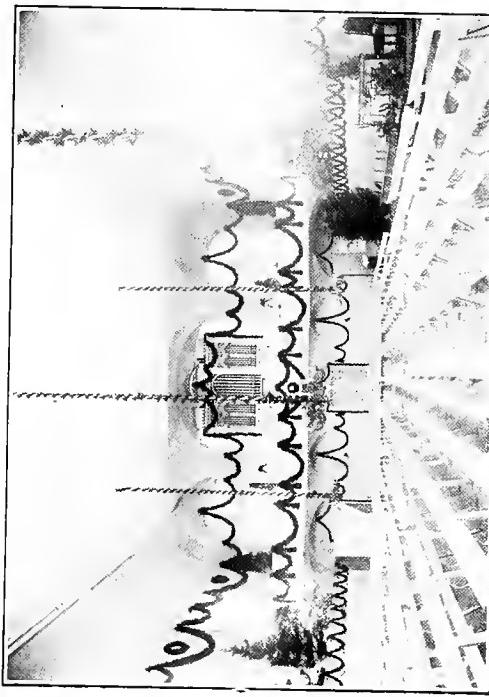


COUNT ZINZENDORF'S CASTLE AND MONUMENT TO NAZARETH

HALL BOYS.



NAZARETH: EPIRATAH OR THE WHITEFIELD HOUSE.



FROM A MORAVIAN MISSION FIELD.



NEUWIED: CHURCH OF THE BRETHREN (INTERIOR).



fourth (room) were children between seven and eight years old spinning. In the fifth and last (room children were) employed at their books. Pieces of their writing were fixed on wall to raise emulation. Fourteen children in each room. The children's meeting room is a large hall on the same floor. The third story is the bedroom containing one hundred beds for one person each. Two brethren by turns keep nightly watch with lamps burning. The great order, decency, decorum and convenience, is hardly to be expressed. We left this pleasant place with due thanks to the minister."

The value of the girls' school was also highly appreciated. We read of the sacrifice made by one James Burnside, of County Meath, Ireland, to place his motherless daughter here. He was an accountant and civil officer in North Carolina. He became the first representative of Northampton County in Assembly. His daughter, Rebecca, died in Nazareth in 1746. To pay for her education on this consecrated ground he sold, among a great variety of family valuables: 1 silver net apron, 4 gold and silver handkerchiefs, one enameled portrait of King Charles II (what became of this?), 4 diamond sparks and again 1 diamond spark, 1 striped satin nightgown and the portraits of Rebecca's maternal grandparents.

Among the children who play in Nazareth streets to-day one hears the weighty name of Comenius—that venerable Moravian Bishop who brought forth the first picture-book for children. His suggestions on the subject of popular education antedated all others. His "intuitive or perceptive system" for young pupils, his plan for the organization of schools in Sweden, his pedagogic fame in England, Hungary and other places are full of interest to the modern student of teaching methods. He did not suffer the trial of the burning of his writings as did that earlier apostle of the church, John Huss. This noted educational reformer reiterated continually for the Moravian Church the prayer, "Renew our days as of old!" Inspired with a spiritual foresight of its renewal, he republished its history, confession and discipline; and perpetuated its episcopate, pastors of the Reformed Church being consecrated bishops of the Unitas Fratrum that the succession secured from the Bishop of the Austrian Waldenses might not die out.

The first hymn book known to the Protestant world was published by the Unitas Fratrum in Prague (1505) in the Bohemian language. They also claim the honor of giving the first printed edition of the Bible to the world universal—the oldest version in any modern language, the third before Luther. Human explanation of the Bible, they

consider, should be avoided. A complete ritual of forms and observance of the church festivals does not embarrass the use of extempore prayer. The ceremonial of confirmation for new converts does not prohibit the broad admission of members of other evangelical churches. Thus one goes into a Moravian church and sees a Lutheran admitted by a simple handshake from the minister, who steps down from his pulpit during the singing of a hymn which proclaims the newcomer as the Congregation's Child, now "our own."

Though restricted by no regular denominational creed, the Moravians are firm in their confession of the one triune God (Father, Son, and Holy Ghost), and of the necessary plan of salvation for man formed from all eternity. They feel the risen Christ to be always invisibly with them—A King at the right hand of God, yet stooping to guide His people where He has trodden. Strict discipline is maintained—puritanism without tyranny—as in the time of Zinzendorf when "The whole *tree* of the Congregation was examined, with its roots, branches, leaves, blossoms, and fruits; and everything that might either hurt or further its growth or fruitfulness." Every ten years a General Synod convenes composed of delegates from all the Watch-hills of the Brethren, the Church thus living as one organic whole throughout the world.

Deo soli gloria (To God alone the glory), says the old church bell at Nazareth in its superscribed motto. Through cold or rain the trombonists announce the church-festivals, the love-feasts or covenant services from the arches of the belfry.

"The trombones will blow (such and such a date)," one hears the Nazarenes say.

The church clock rings its quarters, half-hours and hours with a truly melodious rhythm and a regularity which starts the owls among the tree-tops which shield the belfry. The great hour bell solemnly supplements the tune of little bells when that rings for the fourth time. The time is struck here for a community which is taught to look on old age as an increase of pervading joy, the approach of life's anticipation.

"I shall see the Apostles," said Schneider, as he stepped into Jordan. "The Prophets. . . . all the Martyrs for Christ . . . the whole glorious company of Confessors . . . I shall be together with them at home, with the Lord for ever!"

Yet the human is not quenched by divine longings. Zinzendorf exclaimed on losing a fellow-pilgrim that one-half of his heart had been taken from him, and again that the sun had burnt him when he

alluded to a trial. This Warden of Herrnhut, in the early formation days of that hallowed settlement, used between the services to send out from his kitchen something for those who had come from a distance. This the waiting strangers ate together in brotherly love. Love-feasts soon became a churchly institution, a revival of the *agape* of primitive Christians. One Sunday in every month there was a general love-feast from seven to ten at night. The love-feasts among the several Choirs were numerous.

In Nazareth six communion services occur in the church year. These are preceded by solemn covenant services and love-feasts. In the summer the children's love-feast and that for unmarried men and "great boys" are of special interest. The latter is in the afternoon of a Sunday which opens with a special service for the special class of covenanters. Tickets for the love-feast, presented chiefly by eligible Single Brethren to eligible Single Sisters, create as lively an exchange of compliments as valentines. The cups of thanksgiving, in company with much music, are filled with the justly celebrated Moravian coffee and distributed among the audience. Pretty matrons in white caps and aprons smilingly serve the worshippers with buns, their arms well stretched over the capacious baskets which they carry before them, and which add to the Moravian whiteness of the occasion by their fringed white cloths. The assembly eat and drink together in token of brotherly love and charity. In the evening the general congregation is dismissed after service, the church bell rings solemnly, and the unmarried men and "great boys" receive the Lord's Supper alone, pledging the renewal of their covenant for the ensuing year.

Whether brotherly love and charity are as intense among modern Moravians as among those of former times cannot be as publicly proved. In 1756 when this region was a shelter for refugees from the appalling massacre by Indians at Mahony, Zinzendorf wished to convert the murderers at once. As early as 1715, while yet a schoolboy, he had covenanting with Frederick, Baron de Watteville, at the Academy at Halle to establish missions among neglected heathen tribes. At old Runenburg Castle, where were the schools for poor children, there was also a famed missionary congregation of forty students from Jena who became laborers for the cause in Europe or in missions to the heathen.

In 1741 Zinzendorf wrote to Doddridge that there had been sent out, from "our own family of Moravians," three hundred preachers into most parts of the world. He also speaks of himself as the guardian of Protestant churches in the south of France, sixty of which

were assembling privately for worship. Under his patronage missionaries passed out from Herrnhut to various parts of the world. He visited in their behalf the West Indies, New York and Pennsylvania. We are told that the "witness-spirit" in Herrnhut greatly furthered the Count's missionary zeal. One soul "felt an uncommon desire to go to Greenland." This devoted one prays with another and the two "feel an extraordinary degree of cheerfulness and alacrity." At the departure from Herrnhut of the first two Heathen Messengers, as they were called, Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann, each member of the Congregation, to the number of over a hundred, sang for them a benedictory verse. These verses, being afterwards written down, were given as tokens of remembrance to the voyagers into unknown dangers.

"These words were a balsam to my heart," said one of these saints, alluding to a warning of death for his Saviour's sake. The Count gave to each a ducat (about half a guinea) for their journey, in addition to the sum which they had before. They set out on foot. They were willing to be slaves with the negroes of the West Indies. At Saint Thomas the negroes clapped hands at the message of salvation read by the two Brethren from the Dutch Bible given to them by Princess Charlotte Amelia on their way through Copenhagen. The Queen of Sweden had encouraged them. The two Court chaplains, Reuss and Blum, had assisted them as called of God. The King's butler, Mr. Martens, had helped them to a passage on a Dutch vessel to Saint Thomas.

After great tribulation Dober became a tutor in the Governor's family, a position which depressed him, he having intended to be a slave. With great reluctance, the Governor consented finally to his dismissal, and he describes himself as happy as a bird set loose, living on bread and water but free for spiritual labor. The firstling of the negro nation to reward his efforts was a boy belonging to the Loango nation, who had been taken prisoner in a battle and sold as a slave, father and brother perishing before him. The Brethren bought the defenceless lad and he was designated for the service of the Count de Gersdorf in Germany. But he was uncommonly affectionate and obedient. Stopping at Herrnhut, he asked to be baptized and otherwise so ingratiated himself with the Brethren that he was kept there. Known first as Oby, the Brethren at Saint Thomas dignified him in a broad way as Carmel, and at Ebersdorf he was christened by the Court Chaplain as Joshua. Oby Carmel Joshua is said to have departed at Herrnhut "in a very happy manner."

Saint Thomas, this first mission of the Brethren, sends its resting missionaries now to Nazareth—a long leap from the old haven of Herrnhut. Ephratah (the Whitefield House) affords their beautiful opportunity of a refined leisure. The Nazareth church is often favored in the testimony of their endurance and foreign experience. The Museum offers many and interesting object-lessons of the Moravian Mission to Alaska, for the bitterness of Arctic regions is as much coveted by Moravian martyrs as the dangerous warmth of the Indies.

Christian David, the Bush Preacher—called in Herrnhut history “that old servant of the Lord”—conducted the first Mission to Greenland. A sheepboy, a carpenter, a soldier, a Papist crawling on his knees before images, a Lutheran, Christian David found satisfaction at last among the Moravians. He labored for their faith throughout Germany and at many periods in England, Holland and Denmark, preaching before the latter’s court. He was always a carpenter when not in the active service of the church. After countless outdoor sermons, conversions, persecutions, exercises on Saxony’s village greens with shepherds, servants and praying children, this old war-horse blessed the founding of New Herrnhut as he had that of the old.

A Greenland hut of stones and sods, the latter frequently freezing in the builders’ hands, bills-of-fare comprising scanty oatmeal served with train oil or seaweed and shell fish, warmth from a hole in the snow—these were the joys of inheritance, the desired marks of crucifixion of Christian David and his fellow-soldiers. One hundred thousand members in Moravian foreign missions to-day are the fruit of devotion such as this. David Nitschmann, who began with Leonard Dober the first Mission of the Brethren, namely, that among the negroes in Saint Thomas, was consecrated in Berlin a Bishop of the Dispersed Congregations of the Moravian Brethren. He received his office under the episcopal blessing of the oldest Bishop and Senior of the Brethren’s Unity in Poland, and at the same time First Chaplain at the Court of Frederick William First, King of Prussia.

Bishop or, as he is sometimes called, Dean (Probst) Jablonski is numbered among the eminent members of Zinzendorf’s Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed. No presentation of Moravianism in America or elsewhere can be complete without a study of this alliance for sanctity. Nazareth boasts its antiquaries, but on so sacred a subject as this innermost of all the inner missions of this church an outsider cannot ask questions of curiosity. He can but surmise, with a thrill of secular interest, how many to-day inherit with the faith of their fathers

and wear in secrecy emblems, similar to the ancient ones, of this peculiar bond; or how many have traced the tokens of their spiritual ancestry, and know who in the old graves of their kin at Herrnhut or Nazareth were once ring-ed, cross-ed, and otherwise memorialized in this religious order. From the Herrnhut "*Bruder-Bote*" (Message to the Brethren) our translator before mentioned has given the following valuable information:

"Zinzendorf's Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed.

The preamble to the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed says: An order is an association composed of respectable and honorable persons having a certain definite praiseworthy object in view. Thus there are high, intermediate, low, spiritual and worldly orders, each according to the spirit of its founders, or according to the purpose for which the order was instituted.

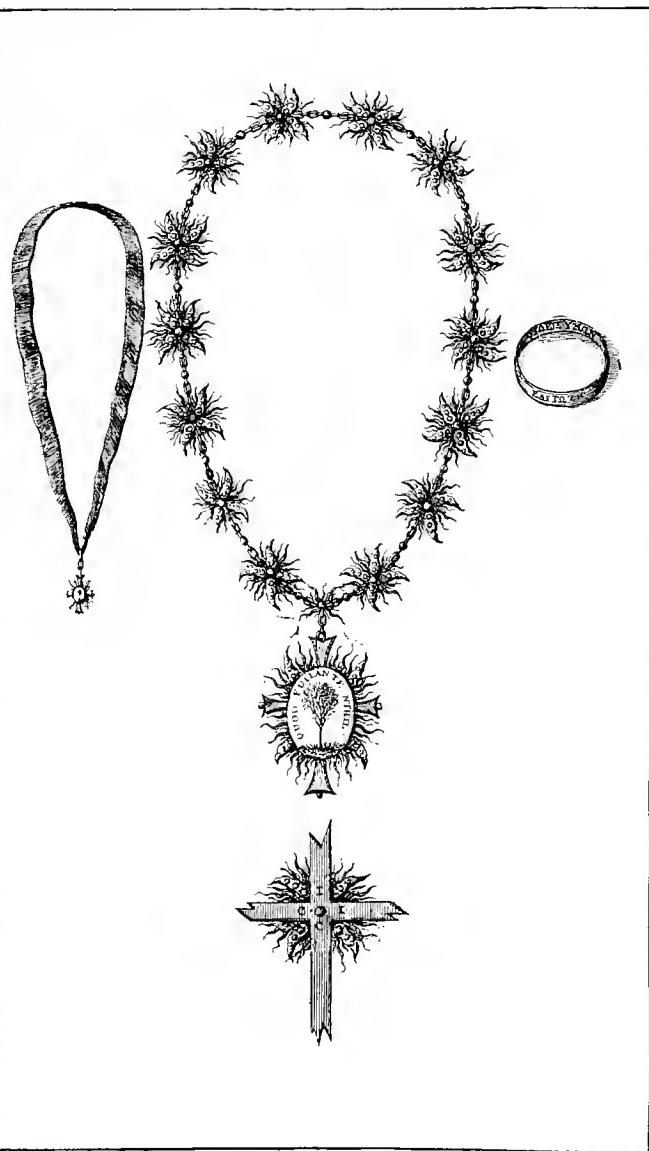
Consequently there are orders of 'The Golden Fleece,' of 'The Holy Grave of Regnitz,' 'The Order of the Swans,' and so forth; the one is organized by a sovereign duke, and kings and emperors have developed it to the highest degree of human efficiency. The other is founded by private knights and lords, sanctioned by lordships and favored in various ways. The third variety is frequently composed of private individuals, as well as persons in civil position, and is calculated to give encouragement to virtue, righteous scholarship and various other things.

The Order under consideration may be said to be of the intermediate kind, *i. e.*, composed of members who to a large extent, if not exclusively, belong to the nobility.

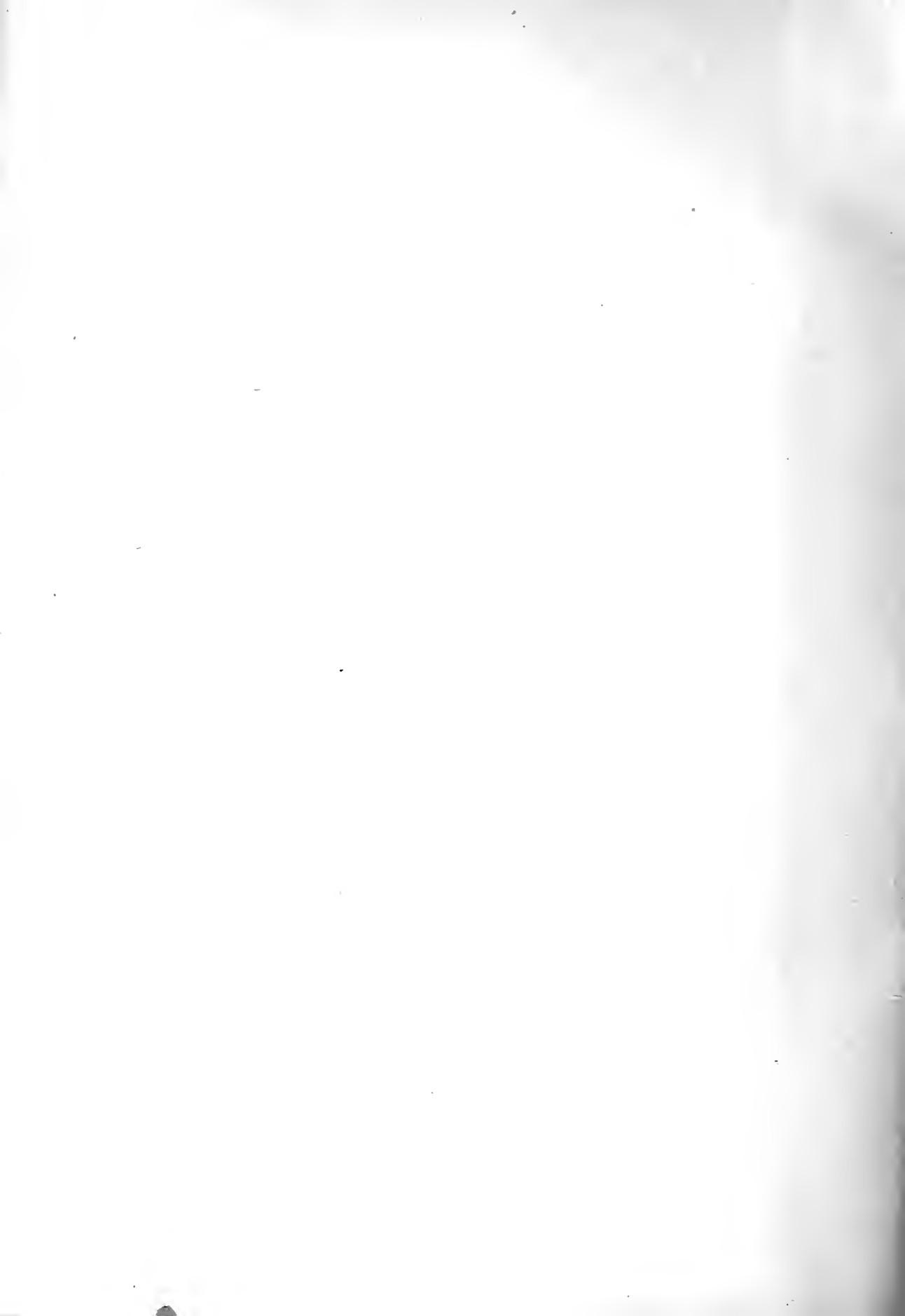
This Order, originating in seventeen hundred and extending into eighteen hundred, in many respects resembled the societies of the present; it, however, bore the stamp of secrecy, which was a very popular feature in those days. Therefore the names of the members of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed, as well as the constitution and by-laws, were kept secret, and not until 1740 was Zinzendorf constrained, by reason of some one's indiscretion, to make the latter public.

Furthermore, there belonged to such an Order insignia, crosses, rings, costumes, etc., and peculiar rites, which now appear to us as awkward and antiquated, but then were proper and in place.

Concerning the origin of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed, Zinzendorf communicates the following: Between the years 1713



INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.



and 1714 there were five persons at the Pedagogium at Halle who were drawn toward each other in a very remarkable manner. They experienced emphatically what the Saviour said : "Where two or three are assembled in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Only three documents belonging to the order have been preserved in print. The one dated 1713 commences :

'Most faithful Saviour,
Most beloved Life,' etc.,

and ends with these words : "Oh, receive us into Thy wounded side, from which we will resist (attack) and conquer the last enemy."

A Communion hymn (is preserved) beginning:

'Arise, arise, it is accomplished,
My eyes have seen the Lord,' etc.,

concluding:

'In our life there will be seen
Thy death and resurrection,
Thy conflict and conquest,
Thy seeking and finding.'

Also the first statutes of a noble organization which was held in such high esteem between the years 1724 and 1741 that it numbered among its members not only persons of high standing of both sexes, ministers and generals, but also ecclesiastical prelates, yes, primates of the entire realm.

Among the above young noblemen, although they belonged to different religious communions, there was never a discordant note, neither did they lean more to the one side than to the other. By their parents they were directed to different spiritual advisers, which by reason of the time taken from their important communion, always caused a painful separation. They were obedient in this matter, but in reality understood few of the reasons why. And, although according to an arrangement at Halle they attended many theological classes, they nevertheless were more concerned to stimulate each other towards obedience to the indisputable truths than to speculate on unsettled realities (disputable truths). Scarcely one among their number will be able to recall any other conversation, treatise, prayer or hymn than the great theme of the sufferings, death and resurrection of Jesus

Christ. This especially was the all-absorbing theme of our most active brother,
All this because from childhood his motto was:

‘This one thing I will do,
His death and sufferings ever
Till soul and body sever,
Shall steadfast in my heart remain.’

Considerable freedom was granted to the society. . . . Neither in their religion nor in their ceremonies did the members err. They were unacquainted with separation. They had an inward desire for the furtherance of the salvation of many people. Respecting this Spangenberg says: They formulated certain principles which conformed to the teachings of Jesus and were suitable for promoting their object and established certain rules to which, after full and careful consideration, they pledged themselves before the Lord. According to the good advice of Zinzendorf’s grandmother, the Lady-Governor Gersdorf, the order was kept secret for a long time. At first they adopted the name ‘Slaves of Virtue,’ then ‘The Association of Confessors of Jesus Christ,’ and finally the ‘Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed,’ based on Matthew 13:31. The first emblem in use in 1715 was an *Ecce Homo* with the circumscriptio, *Nostra Medela*. When the members scattered to different countries a union was maintained through vigorous correspondence. Count Zinzendorf took a conspicuous part in this correspondence, but did not consider himself in any wise as the head, but simply a servant of the Order.

At the time of joining, the members of the Order drafted an agreement containing the promise to remain faithful to the teachings of Jesus and walk worthily according to the same.

In the agreement of a certain reigning lord, dated Amsterdam, June, 1719, the statement is made that at the time of uniting with the society he promised that he would rather sacrifice his life than depart from the faith or wilfully give offence; execute love toward his neighbor without dissimulation; renounce dancing, gambling, etc.

Since each member of the Order was to receive a copy of the Rules and By-laws, these were published in London as manuscript (strictly for private circulation); but at the death of a member the rules, together with all the insignia, were to be returned to the secretary of the Order. In one instance this was not done, and Professor

Voget of Utrecht published them with unkind comments, and declared the Order an institution of the Moravian Church, while in reality it was a private affair of Count Zinzendorf and his friends. At a Synod of the Moravian Church (1740) a protest was entered and an authentic copy of the rules and regulations made public."

We give our translator's sufficient abstract of the "Rules of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed" from the same "Message to the Brethren" quoted above:

"In the name of our own most precious and dearest Lord.

I.

Guarantees perfect freedom to each member to retain membership in the denomination in which he was born; states the doctrinal position of the Order: 'We are all agreed on one point, namely, that Jesus Immanuel, God from God, born a man of the Virgin Mary, is the only source of our salvation, and that it is true to all eternity that there is no hope for the improvement of our miserable condition except in His high and holy name . . . that the merit of the wounds of Jesus stirs and moves the hearts of men, offers those touched to God, heals them, rules and makes them whole, etc. . . . Therefore also shall our endeavour and unwearied labours go through the entire world, that we may win hearts for Him who gave His life for us.'

II.

Commends love to all mankind. Forbids proselyting on the part of any member.

III.

Recommends missionary comity. This article was no doubt inserted at a later period, since there was no missionary activity in the different communions in 1713-24. Probably inserted after efforts of the first Moravian missionaries in 1732 had aroused other denominations to their duty towards the heathen world. Non-interference with converts of other teachers.

IV.

Urges members to obtain a full and happy sense of their being children of God.

V.

Advises all to attend to their own business, and if compelled to act contrary to the customs of those about them, to use all possible moderation.

VI.

Asserts equality of members and forbids wearing the insignia for display, commanding that the Order shall be discontinued as soon as it grows worldly.

VII.

States objects which bound members together: love for the whole human race; winning of souls for their Creator; honorable dealing with all men; seizing every opportunity to further the work of the Lord; aiding every effort put forth to do God's work; discountenancing innovations in doctrine and practice and strengthening and reviving the old that has proved itself to be good; aiding each other mutually, and finally through the Grace of God being permitted to fall asleep in joy and peace.

VIII.—XII.

Treat of the Insignia of the Order.

XIII.

Explains absence of dues on the ground that the members realize that not only a part but their entire fortunes belong to God.

XIV.

Details as to transfer of insignia, etc.

XV.

Appoints two days to be observed by the Order: March 25, fasting and thanksgiving; August 16, fasting and prayer and careful study of the Rules of the Order."

From the authorized Herrnhut publication our translator gives us:

"The Insignia of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed.

"The Order of the Grain of Mustard, organized by Count Zinzen-

dorf in 1713 or 1714, among a small circle of friends, five in number, while at the Pedagogium at Halle, received its first constitution in 1724, and extended its further usefulness to the ranks of the nobility, numbering among its membership such eminent persons as: King Christian VI. of Denmark; the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Potter; the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Thomas Wilson; Cardinal Noailles; the Governor of Georgia, General Oglethorpe (from other records may be added Court Preacher Jablonski; Henry XXIX. Reuss; Frederick de Watteville; General de Schryver and Isaac Le-long of Holland; Von Rademacher, Director of the East India Company; Mr. Erskine, State Secretary of Scotland), and others.

"Bishop Spangenberg has this to say respecting the tendency of the Order: 'The founders of this Order adopted certain fundamental principles which were in harmony with the teachings of Jesus and were calculated to further this end, and established certain rules to which, after mature reflection, they pledged themselves before the Lord.' In the beginning the organization adopted the name 'Slaves of Virtue,' then 'The Organization of Confessors of Jesus Christ,' and finally 'The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed,' based on St. Matthew 13:31.

"The first insigne or emblem used in 1715 was an Ecce Homo bearing the inscription 'Nostra Medela' (Our Salvation). As soon as the members of the Order scattered to different parts of the world they retained a union through vigorous correspondence. The Order of the Grain of Mustard was no specific institution of the Moravian Church, but rather a private affair of Count Zinzendorf.

"The first symbol of the Order is a gold cross, enameled in green at the four ends. In the middle of which is an oval enameled in blue, on which a mustard-tree in its natural color is depicted bearing the circumscriptio: *Quod fuit ante nihil* (That which was nothing). Between the arms of the cross are found open mustard-seed pods in green (color), in each of which there are three grains of mustard (seed). From the oval golden flame-like rays flash forth. This symbol of the Order was directed to be worn suspended either from a gold chain, the links of which were alternately made of open and closed grains of mustard seed, or from a silk ribbon, sea-green (ultramarine) for the nobility (or laity) and white with green edges for the clergy.

"It is probable that this particular symbol was not much in evidence and hence seldom used. At any rate, only one sample has been preserved, as far as is known, and is now in the Archives of the Unity

at Herrnhut. The Constitution simply contains a description of the Order, but does not direct that a member at the time of entrance will be provided or shall provide for himself this symbol, while on the other hand Article X. says: 'The members receive a gold ring bearing the Greek inscription, *None of us lives for himself.*'

"The rings of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed, of which only five samples are preserved in the Unity's Archives, were of different diameters according to the size of the finger of the wearer, either male or female (for ladies were also admitted to the Order, for example, Zinzendorf's aunt, Henrietta von Gersdorf). They were about two and a half millimeters high and very heavy.

"In four white enameled squares on green fields were found the Greek letters symbolizing the above inscription. The fields are separated by perpendicular bands.

"The third insigne of the Order is a silver cross with a single mustard seed in the centre and the characters C.C.I.I., signifying *Crescit in Christo in immensum* (In Christ it increases immeasurably). Between the arms of the cross appear open mustard-seed pods emitting rays. This cross was to be worn on the right side on a purple garment (cloth), as is the custom in wearing decorative stars.

"Whether this was ever done is not known, neither has such a cross been preserved. A picture in the Unity's Archives represents Count von Zinzendorf in such purple attire (robe), but the cross is wanting."

In those same Archives of the Unity is an engraving of a half-length figure wearing a high ecclesiastical cap. The features have a very happy expression, the eyes being large, dark and smiling. Across the breast of the figure is a broad band of ribbon holding a cross. An enlarged copy of this cross—the Cross of the Confession—is among the treasures of the Archives. It is of gilded silver. Upon the upper limb is the form of the Saviour, the head surrounded by a broad halo of conventional radiation, the arms extended in full manifestation. Upon the transverse beam are kneeling disciples. Below, upon the under limb, is the so-called Passion Cross, unadorned and surmounted by the superscription: I N R I. The Passion Cross rises from a seven-branched candelabrum, which completes the symbols on the Cross of the Confession.

This emblematic cross is the chief insigne of the Order of the Confession of the Sufferings of Jesus, whose members were of a more



ECCE HOMO, BY DOMENICO FETI.

experienced and exclusive spiritual caste than those of the Order of the Mustard Seed. The radiant figure in the Picture-Gallery of the Archives is that of Bishop John Nitschmann, the most noted exponent of the Order of the Confession of the Sufferings of Jesus.

We read in the Statutes of this Order: "The blood and wounds of Jesus stand for our pitiful load of sins. To this we would give perpetual witness and consecration."

Again we read of the "benediction in His wounds."

The number of wounds of the "suffering Lamb" is reiterated: "the five wounds."

The Herrnhut Archives furnish a fine, mellow print of Domenico Feti's *Ecce Homo* in the Dusseldorf Gallery—thorned and roped, sorrowing under the afflictions of the Passion, yet ineffably gentle and benignant. The print bears the subscription:

"Ecce Homo

Von Domenico Feti geb. 1589 zu Rome; gest 1624 zu Venedig. Zinzendorf schreibt in seinem Reisetagebuch (Attici Wallfahrt) unter dem 22. Mai 1719: Unter vielen hunderten der herrlichsten Portraits auf der Gallerie (zu Düsseldorf) zog das einzige 'Ecce Homo' mein Aug und Gemuth auf sich. Es war der Affect ganz unvergleichlich exprimirt mit der Unterschrift: Ego pro te haec passus sum; Tu vero, quid fecisti pro me? Mir schoss das Blatt (d. h. mir wurde klar), dass ich hier auch nicht viel würde antworten können, und bat meinen Heiland, mich in die Gemeinschaft seines Leidens mit Gewalt zu reissen, wenn Sinn nicht hinein wolle."

Translated, the above runs: "Ecce Homo by Domenico Feti, born 1589 at Rome; died 1624 at Venice. Zinzendorf writes in his journal (Attici Pilgrimage) 22. May, 1719. Among many hundred beautiful portraits in the Gallery (at Düsseldorf) the unique 'Ecce Homo' attracted my attention and appealed to my heart. The emotion was incomparably expressed by the subscription: I have suffered for thee; what hast thou truly done for Me? I realized that I also would not be able to answer much, and I begged my Saviour to force me into communion with His suffering, if otherwise I would not enter."

We read further, in the Statutes of this Order, that the hidden bond was strengthened in the September of the year in which Peter Böhler of Nazareth memory made a happy departure, by a love-feast

at which one hundred "dear Brethren" were present—the true Moravian, Zinzendorfian absolution by joy from sin and grief.

Beneath the picture of Bishop Nitschmann is the official seal which—appropriate for the Order of the Mustard Seed, as well as for the Order of the Confession—bears "in all their splendor," the words: *Wir Halten Über Der Bekentnis vom Leiden Jesu* (We witness the Confession of the Suffering of Jesus).

Bishop Nitschmann was that high ecclesiastic who, with episcopal attendants, walked before the corpse of Zinzendorf, the general of the white singing host at that Saint's funeral.

It is a crying want that no picture of Zinzendorf, wearing the insignia of either of the distinctive Moravian Orders, is extant. Among the oil paintings of the Unity's Archives at Herrnhut, however, we find one of him exemplifying his liking for such symbolism. In this portrait he is adorned with the Order of Danebrog, an ancient Danish order instituted by King Valdemar II. in 1219. In old Danish, Danebrog signifies the "cloth" or banner of the Danes, and we may consider this Order as an immortalization of the old national flag of Denmark (a white cross on a blood-red field), which, like the ori-flamme of France, was the standard which headed the army. Being first used by Valdemar II. in his crusade against the Pagans, it was fitting that this honor should be conferred upon the great Moravian crusader. It will be remembered that Christian VI. of Denmark wore the appointments of Zinzendorf's Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed.

In the painting of Count Zinzendorf to which we have referred he wears, across his right shoulder and breast, the Order's broad white ribbon embroidered in red. From the ribbon is suspended, beside his left hand, on a little crimped-edged cushion, a cross of gold pattée, enameled with white. On his right breast, below the slanting sash, is the further decoration—an eight-pointed, luminous star bearing a coroneted, ciphered cross. The face of the portrait is more rugged and heavy than we are wont to see in the Count's portraits, but retains the usual sweetness and complacency of expression. The hands are also represented in all their aristocratic refinement, the delicate ruffles—flowing over one and turned back from the other—adding to their beauty.

In the same Portrait Gallery of the Archives of the Unity at Herrnhut, Moravian daintiness is further exemplified in the picture of the child, Marie Justine de Watteville. "Sehr nett" (very pretty)

is its keeper's introduction, and visitors to the Archives echo the sentiment. Marie Justine's soft little form is as elongated and stiffly bodiced as that of the Unknown Sister or the most worldly of court ladies. There is surprise in her face as if at such an inappropriate proceeding. There is also a great deal of pleasure evinced in her smiling mouth and the shining brightness of her large eyes, for she has much to make her feel, as well as look, pretty. Her little Herrnhuter cap is as delicate and elaborate as sanctified Mammon could permit. Its ribbon bow is delightfully opened and spread as any worldly mama would want it, and tied to one side so that her pretty throat presents a most kissable appearance in the midst of its double falling ruffles. White ruffles, very full and elegant, also adorn her arms. White puffs head the white ruffles, and the sleeves of her severe little gown are allowed to flounce, gay and free, above the white ruffles.

Marie Justine, Baroness de Watteville, was the daughter of John de Watteville and Benigna von Zinzendorf (a niece of the Count). She was later the wife of Henry 55 Reuss, who died in Bath, England, 1828. Her father, Baron John de Watteville, was the adopted son of Baron Frederick de Watteville, first *Senioris Civilis* of the Renewed Brethren's Church, and a distinguished member of the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed. We stoop, under the lindens of the Hutberg, to read of him as "the servant of Jesus Christ," and also that "he assisted in founding the Congregation, saw it blossom and expand. He rejoiced and fell asleep filled with praise and thanks."

He was the intimate friend of Zinzendorf. While mere lads, students at the Royal Academy at Halle, their peculiar affinity had caused them to covenant together in a solemn dedication of their lives to God, having especially in view the salvation of the heathen. Frederick de Watteville, going out into the world to see much of its pleasures and be disturbed by his own philosophical researches, passed through a severe spiritual conflict. From this he emerged triumphantly by bathing his soul in the mystic rapture of his friend, Zinzendorf. Taking from the Count's lips the comfort of the words, "God is love," he felt himself so powerfully overcome, Kölbing tells us, that he cast himself down and dwelt "with riveted attention, for several hours successively, on this one precious name He bears in Holy Writ."

At the laying of the foundation-stone of the Academy at Herrnhut, "Mr. de Watteville," says Kölbing, "with a view symbolically to express his having buried all worldly views and prospects, had placed under the foundation stone all the jewels and costly things which were

yet in his possession, and among these a ring which had passed seven times through the fire, and which had been intended as an emblem of his prosperity."

Owning the genealogical glory of such a grandfather as this, our little Marie Justine stands close to the throne through his nephew, Frederick Rudolph de Watteville of the House of Montmirail, Switzerland, a "blessed servant of Jesus and His Congregation," "*Senioris Civilis*," "Member of the Elders' Conference of the Brethren's Unity," "Master of the Village in Herrnhut, Niesky and Gnadenfeld," and—making Marie Justine's royal link—husband of the Baroness Elizabeth, born the Countess von Zinzendorf, "youngest daughter," says her Hutberg epitaph, "of the blessed Count Nicholas Ludwig." Born at Marienborn in the Wetteravia, the Baroness Elizabeth "entered into the joy of her Lord in the Congregation at Herrnhut, whose beloved (mistress or) magistrate she was."

Equally reverent and more emphasized is the memorial in the Hutberg of Marie Justine's mother, a cousin of the above Baroness Elizabeth: Henrietta Benigna Justine de Watteville, born Countess von Zinzendorf and Pottendorf. Her white stone glistens in the sun-dappled God's Acre, with the shining testimony that she was "a blessed servant of the Brethren's Church, both in the Old and the New World. In various perils on land and sea, she ended her pilgrimage in the Congregation at Herrnhut, where for 33 years she was the loved and esteemed mistress of the community."

Did little Marie Justine accompany her mother to the New World? Did she—"Sehr nett"—with her wideawake eyes and dainty attire, laugh among the trees of Nazareth and pick the red roses of the Barony? Was it her mother who furnished the name for Benigna's Creek, or is that a namesake of the Count's daughter? We are informed by Bovet that the descendants of the latter's daughter (the Count's granddaughter, Mrs. Alexander) are all in America. Perhaps they will tell us some day things many and precious.

Marie Justine would have found Nazareth as much a children's kingdom as Herrnhut, where nothing surpassed in importance the Orphan-House and the Academy. We have already spoken of Zinzendorf's solicitation for the education of Moravian children and his own personal assistance in that branch of the Herrnhut economy. One of the first gifts to the Moravian exiles who founded Herrnhut was a cow for their little ones, sent by the Countess Dowager, Lady Henrietta de Gersdorf. A pair of twins, twelve weeks old, were among

the tiny crusaders who had been carried across the Silesian boundary in the dead of a Whitsun night, to seek for a refuge of holy living. Is it any wonder the faith of a mother in the company failed for a moment and she cried out: "Where shall I find bread in this wilderness?" She was to see many little children growing up to enjoy peace and plenty and to testify of an early spiritual benediction.

Zinzendorf loved to witness that he had the happiness of knowing the Saviour from earliest years. The second Saturday of each month was occupied as a solemn prayer-day for the children. The first Elders were elected by a lot drawn by a child. The question of union with the Lutherans was decided by Zinzendorf's little son, Christian Renatus, or René, putting his hand in an urn and drawing out one of two papers. The words "Stand fast" appeared under the touch of his small fingers, determining for the Church of the Brethren its separate organization. Sixty hymns in the German Moravian hymn-book testify to the religious industry of this son of the faith.

Little children were entrusted with the bier of a deceased child and led such a funeral procession with songs of heaven. The Herrnhut children were taught to retire for prayer in little companies to quiet spots on the sides of the Hutberg. Zinzendorf was often on guard near by to see they were not disturbed, and returned with them down the slopes of the hill, his melodious voice adding richness to their hymns of praise.

In Kölbing's "Memorial Days of the Renewed Church of the Brethren," we read that a spiritual outpouring among the children of Herrnhut is one of the features to be commemorated on the thirteenth of November, that being a date of great significance to the Moravians. The office of General Elder was that day abolished and, in the name of Christ, to all under the discipline of the Congregation—the forsakers, the erring, the enticed—a door of admission was opened by the consciousness of the pardon of "our most gracious King, Lord, Head, and only Elder! . . . We, His children, add our most hearty Amen. Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen!"

Even sinners of ten years' standing made their repentant confession. The day passed in weeping, singing, the covenanting of love-feasts, and the appearance of a rainbow in the clouds, which was interpreted as a mark of the divine favor. "The children," we read in Kölbing's excerpt from "The Diary of Herrnhut," "met at six o'clock, and were told what office (that of Elder) the Lord had undertaken to perform in the Congregation, and how He had offered His

gracious pardon to all those who had offended. They were reminded that they likewise were interested in all this, and that to them also free and full forgiveness should be granted in the name of Jesus for all they might have done amiss if they would but uprightly confess their faults, for doing which an opportunity should be afforded them. The children then knelt down to adore their Saviour during a general emotion of their hearts, the effects of which became sufficiently apparent in their subsequent conduct."

In 1758, during Passion-Week, the Herrnhut children are said to have experienced such a feeling of the Saviour's sufferings that the Passion Hymns were often interrupted by their tears. Many who had conducted themselves amiss wept for their Saviour and felt in their hearts they could not do without Him. The awakening spread among the children in all the seminaries of the Brethren.

So we come down to an anniversary day in Nazareth, the seventeenth of August, when the children of true Moravians spend all the hours—amid songs, love-feasting and flowers—in learning of their inherited faith and of the little Saints who made "truly days of heavenly enjoyment to the Congregation at Herrnhut."

In 1727, we read in Kölbing, "no sooner had the fire of the love of Jesus been fully kindled in the Congregation there (Herrnhut) than the hearts of the children caught the flame." In consequence of "separatistical errors" "sad confusion" had been prevailing at Herrnhut, but Count Zinzendorf's labors had been unwearied. On the thirteenth of August his work was blessed and sealed by a "distinguished" outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the adult part of the Congregation at the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Church at Berthelsdorf. He had been specially concerned, during the time of doctrinal disorder in the Congregation, for the children. He went every other day to Berthelsdorf to visit the Girls' Boarding School at the Watteville House. The names of nine girls between the ages of nine and thirteen years have been preserved for the yearly education of our little Nazarene Pilgrims: Johanna Sophia de Seidewitz, Charlotte de Seidewitz, Augusta de Zezschwitz, Magdalen Arndt, Mary Elizabeth Hentschel, Anna Mary Jähne, Anna Mary Keil, Anna Dorothy Schäffer (daughter of the Reverend Mr. Schäffer at Görlitz), and Anna Rosina Schmid. The elder of the two Ladies de Seidewitz are particularly mentioned as affected by the Count's exhortations on his birthday, after he had for a long time, as he confided to his Countess

and to his Saviour, felt great distress at the spiritual dullness he found among them connected with marked "outward prosperity."

So one day, we are told, "a universal flame of love towards our Saviour seemed to be kindled in the hearts of these children, and all of them spent the whole night in prayer." But it was Susanna Kühnel—a name impressed upon the children of Nazareth—who was the first answer to the Count's wrestling for the salvation of the Brethren's babes and sucklings. We have already alluded to her, in connection with her mother's happy death. Kölbing speaks of her as "this infant preacher of righteousness." "This girl," he says, "eleven years of age, who lived with her parents at Herrnhut, after having spent three days wrestling with God in prayer, experienced, on August the sixth, such a divine feeling of the grace of our Saviour, and obtained so clear an assurance of her salvation that, neglecting even the necessary bodily refreshment, she spent the greatest part of that day in proclaiming the praises of her Redeemer. This extraordinary state of her mind was occasioned by the happy departure of her mother . . . into the presence of that Saviour whom she had here rejoiced in as the Sun of Righteousness. The joyful departure of her mother made so deep an impression upon this girl that she spent three whole days, and especially the forepart of the last night, till one o'clock in the morning, in weeping and prayer, at which hour she broke out into indescribable joy, called to her father, who slept in the adjoining room, and who had, unknown to her, heard all that had passed, and cried out, 'Now, father, I am become a child of God, and I know also how my mother felt and still feels.' She, however, did not only relate to her father what great mercy the Lord had shown her, but out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spake to her companions of his loving kindness towards her, and this she did with such energy that they were deeply affected thereby, and felt themselves powerfully drawn to Jesus. The following six are particularly mentioned among that number: Anna Nitschmann, Julianna Quitt, Rosina Fischer, Anna Gold, Sophia Gutbier and Anna Beyer, all of whom were, in the sequel, employed as handmaids of the Lord in the Brethren's Congregation.

"Many more remarkable traces of a work of grace among the children at Herrnhut and Berthelsdorf became apparent, and the following is noticed in the 'Diary of Herrnhut' concerning this subject: August the 23rd.—The children of both sexes felt a most powerful impulse to prayer, and it was impossible to listen to their infant supplications without being deeply moved and affected; a most extra-

ordinary emotion of all hearts prevailed at their meeting that day, produced especially by the manner in which Susanna Kühnel addressed them, whose zeal and earnestness daily increased in strength and ardour. A similarly blessed meeting of the children took place in the evening of the 26th of August, and on the 29th, from the hour of ten o'clock at night until one the following morning, a truly affecting scene was witnessed, for the girls from Herrnhut and Berthelsdorf spent these hours in praying, singing, and weeping on the Hütberg. The boys were at the same time engaged in earnest prayer in another place. The spirit of prayer and supplication at that time poured out upon the children was so powerful and efficacious that it is impossible to give an adequate description of it in words. . . . All forgot themselves, and things terrestrial and transitory, and longed to be above with Christ, their Saviour, in bliss everlasting."

There were ten orphan boys living together at Herrnhut at this time. One of their number, known as Brother Jacob Liebich, gives the following account of their share in this visitation of religion: "Our Schoolmaster, Mr. Klemm, was a very upright and zealous man, who felt himself deeply interested in the welfare of his scholars. It was his practice, at the close of our daily lessons, to kneel down with us and to intercede in our behalf; nor did he fail to recommend us to the Lord and His good Spirit in his private hours of supplication. At the time when Susanna Kühnel began to be under the special and powerful operations of the Holy Ghost, and used to kneel down under the trees in her father's garden, particularly in the evening and at night, entreating the Lord, with cries and tears, to have mercy on her, and to save her soul from death, we boys, who were near neighbours of Frederic Kühnel, heard, when going to bed, her earnest entreaties. This touched our hearts, so that we could no more go to bed in the same indifferent frame of mind, in reference to spiritual things, as before; and we requested our Overseers to take us a walk on the following evenings. Thus, till the end of August, instead of going to bed at the usual hour, we went into the fields and woods, where we prostrated before the Lord, and implored Him to be merciful to us and to save us. Our Schoolmaster was often present on these occasions, and when he had concluded his prayer, and we were on the point of returning home, most of us again sought a retired place, and either singly or two together, kneeled down and prayed to the Lord. Many are the particular spots in the vicinity of Herrnhut which we in prayer bedewed with our tears."

On the seventeenth of August in Nazareth, the anniversary of the Great Awakening among the Children at Herrnhut in 1727 is called the Festival of the Children. Their Annual Love-feast is celebrated in the afternoon when the program of hymns is sung alternately by Congregation, Children, Parents and Friends, and Choir. The Parents call upon their Saviour to remember that "if these lambs should stray from Thy secure enclosure's bound," "The sign of covenant grace they wear."

Again the Parents sing:

"Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into Thy faithful arms of love."

And again:

"This alone can keep them steady
In the simple path of grace."

The congregation ejaculates:

"How great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,
And to be guided by His shepherd staff."

The last hymn runs:

"O to sing with tongues of angels
Strains that only angels know,
* * * * *
More for us than for the angels
Has our loving Jesus done;
* * * * *
Our own Saviour! God's own Son!"

The "Amen, Hallelujah!" follows, and then the Love-Feast, with its tickets of admission, as at the covenant services of adults, its cups of strong coffee for the smallest as well as biggest child, and its ample buns. The Festival closes in the evening with a service in the church during which the children pass out of doors, recite a Litany and sing in the open air. The creed in the Litany speaks of the holy Christian (instead of Catholic) church. Glory is given to "that Friend who loved us," "who rose for us, that we also might rise."

"To Him," says the Litany, "be glory at all times, in the church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him."

The young voices sing:

"He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious.

* * * * *

Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep?

* * * * *

Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland."

Brightly-colored lanterns are strung in long lines from one great tree to another. The summer wind blows through the wealth of leaves on the broad branches, which bend and sigh over the children as those "breezes of the spirit" their ancestors wrote about. The story of Susanna Kühnel and her sisters in piety, told in the church, has made a solemn impression. The clear, leading voice of the minister, the fresh innocent response of these Children of the Moravian Love-Feast, the whiteness of their attire in the unusual light, the swinging lanterns and their soft candle-flame, the silent, attentive crowd of grown people spreading, in the dusk beyond, down the road and among the white hydrangeas of the square—make a most effective scene.

The Friend of Children, as the Moravians sometimes address the Saviour, early moved the founders of Nazareth to consider the young. Ephratah (the Whitefield House) had its days as a nursery.

A little, old grace-before-meal comes down to us in Nazareth Hall history:

"Each crumb Thou shalt allow me
With gratitude shall bow me."

The name of the first child born in Nazareth has been carefully preserved for us and he was so thoughtless as to be a plain Johnny.

A Nazarene Red-Ridinghood is also remembered, who went out to buy cakes for the Rose Inn from the old Nazareth Bakery, and was frightened by Indians instead of a wolf.

Zinzendorf delighted to keep Christmas vigils with the children of Herrnhut. Pennsylvania Moravians on Christmas Eve, while their

children are singing, distribute to them little wax candles, lighted and brought in on trays—to remind them of the Light of the World, the Sun of Righteousness.

A lesson in training up a child with a reverent memory is indicated in the Whitefield Museum, where are framed letters written by Commodore Vanderbilt of New York, who is characterized as "a liberal friend of the Moravian Church."

To baptize a child into loyalty and remembrance is a serious, lengthy and rather too stern an affair in Moravian Nazareth. Confirmation is a far more glowing, inspiring rite. We give a word-picture of a similar and recent administration of that sacrament in a Moravian Church in one of the largest and noisiest of our cities. The day is Palm Sunday, the church pale in its adornments—quiet before the last, ghostly days of Lent, but lifted from its mourning at the approach of Easter. We receive a book of worship at the door as we enter. We listen to a sermon on "The Goal Reached." The minister is robed in voluminous white.

The candidates for admission to the Communicant Congregation are also in white and at the altar steps. They are told this is the most solemn moment of their lives. They are pointed to the "scarlet line" concerning the sufferings of their Lord, which winds through the prophecies of the Bible. They are reminded that they are about to receive, during the Passion Week, the "unadorned story" of the divine sufferings, as peculiar to the Moravian Church—bone of its bone. They are told that the cry upon the cross, "It is finished," referred to the pain of the human body as well as to the travail of the divine spirit. They are told that, although immunity from mortal anguish cannot be promised them, the certainty is theirs that the Christian's soul can be lifted in spiritual communion not only to the very gate but to the very heart of heaven.

"His kindness shall never leave thee," says the officiating pastor as he lowers and lifts his open hands many times above the bowed heads of the kneeling candidates.

With great emotion he gives to each a special keepsake verse of Scripture, as Zinzendorf gave a watchword, night by night, to Hermhut. The audience is deeply moved. Its members weep. There are strangers from other churches who have been received before the confirmation service—among them a fruit of the work in the West Indies from Friedrichstahl, Saint Croix. With true Moravian artlessness the service closes with joyful singing, and a congratulatory basket of

flowers is carried up the aisle to one of the maidens among the Confirmed.

Irrespective of their creeds, the two illustrious foster-fathers of Nazareth—Whitefield and Zinzendorf—were blessed to the end of life with childlike ardor. Nazareth still bears the impress of their influence. It is a picture of the Old World painted on the New. Let the lover of landmarks go view the green, ancient Barony as quickly as may be. The greed of wealth is abroad in the land. Time cannot forever keep ungrafted in Letitia Aubrey's domain its beautiful rose of Moravian simplicity.

The banner features a horizontal dotted line with decorative scrollwork at each end. Below the line, the words "LOVE-FEAST." are written in a bold, serif font. Underneath that, the date "AUGUST 17th." is also in a bold, serif font. The entire banner is framed by a decorative border.



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